

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

FEBRUARY 19, 1965

ESCALATION IN VIET NAM

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Boris Clebrig



U.S. COMMANDER
WESTMORELAND

VOL. 85 NO. 8

ISSUED WEEKLY, U.S. PAT. OFF.

THE CLIMATE OF BUSINESS...



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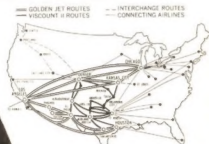
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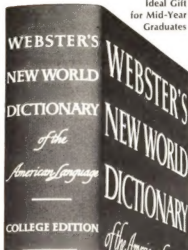
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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, February 17

ABC SCOPE (ABC, 10:30-11 p.m.).
"Television, Moscow-Style," a sampling of Soviet TV including a variety show called *Ogonok* (meaning "small flame"), which gets a top People's Niellovich rating in the U.S.S.R.

Thursday, February 18

THE DEFENDERS (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Donald Pleasence stars as a former doctor accused of manslaughter for advocating the use of the hallucinogenic drug LSD.

Friday, February 19

THE NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONCERT (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.).
"A Tribute to Sibelius."

BOB HOPE PRESENTS THE CHRYSLER THEATER (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Bert Lahr plays an aged safe cracker who mobilizes an old folks' home for one last caper.

WHO HAS SEEN THE WIND? (ABC, 9:30-11 p.m.). This U.N. case history explores the plight of a family of stateless refugees who have spent twelve years on a freighter because no country will accept them. Maria Schell, Edward G. Robinson, Stanley Baker and Theodore Bikel are the stars.

Saturday, February 20

THE HOLLYWOOD PALACE (ABC, 9:30-10:30 p.m.). Bette Davis is hostess.

Sunday, February 21

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). "The Siege of Leningrad," an Iliad of a struggle in which the Russian city held out for 2½ years (August 1941 to January 1944) against German encirclement total except for one tenuous ice road across frozen Lake Ladoga.

PROFILES IN COURAGE (NBC, 6:30-7:30 p.m.). Janice Rule plays Prudence Crandall, a Connecticut schoolmistress who integrates her private school. The year: 1833.

Monday, February 22

CINDERELLA (CBS, 8:30-10 p.m.). A remake of the Rodgers & Hammerstein 1957 TV musical starring Lesley Warren (who played the ingénue lead in Broadway's *110 in the Shade*) as Cinderella, Stuart Damon as the prince, Ginger Rogers as the queen, Walter Pidgeon as the king, Celeste Holm as the fairy godmother, and Jo Van Fleet as the stepmother, Color.

Tuesday, February 23

THE JOURNALS OF LEWIS AND CLARK (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). A special based on the 1804 expedition of Meriwether Lewis and William Clark. Color.

THE SAGA OF WESTERN MAN (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). "I, Leonardo da Vinci," a special documentary with Fredric March speaking for Leonardo. Color.

THEATER

On Broadway

TINY ALICE. Who is Alice? Where is she? And who cares? The questions are being asked by theatergoers, students of the drama, psychologists, and even by the playwright, Edward Albee, about his de-

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liberately confusing but moderately engrossing mystery.

POOR RICHARD. Jean Kerr sacrifices some laughs in treating two serious themes: the capacity to love and the squandering of talent. Still, wit and insight inform this tale of an English poet on an alcoholic sabbatical in New York.

THE OWL AND THE PUSSYCAT. Alan Alda hoots and Diana Sands hollers in Bill Manhoff's comedy about a mind-r-body imbroglio between a musty book clerk and an earthy prostitute.

LOV. What's so funny about three tear-jerks on a bridge trying to outlament and outpsychologize each other? Author Murray Schisgal, Director Mike Nichols, and Performers Eli Wallach, Anne Jackson and Alan Arkin—that's what.

Off Broadway

A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE. Arthur Miller's ten-year-old tragedy of a Brooklyn longshoreman with an incestuous fixation for his niece may be more Freudian than Greek, but it pulses with the fury, pity and seeming inevitability of obsessive self-destruction.

WAR AND PEACE. Tolstoy's genius grips the Phoenix stage in an alternate offering with *Man and Superman*. Allowing for the preposterous difficulty of shrinking an oak back into an acorn, the result is surprisingly dramatic. Rosemary Harris as Natasha and Sidney Walker as old Prince Bolkoniski inspire the cast with performances of finesse and authority.

TARTUFFE. Lincoln Center's interpretation of Molière's comedy has too much bounce and not enough bite, but Michael O'Sullivan's Tartuffe is a surrealistic and fantastic acting creation.

BABES IN THE WOOD. The Globe never saw anything like Rick Bosoyan's loose musical adaptation of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Its good-natured brashness provides a pleasant evening for lovers of light, spoofy theater.

THE SLAVE AND THE TOILET. The color scheme is black and white, and Negro Playwright LeRoi Jones whiplashes both races in his studies of interracial love and hate.

RECORDS

Jazz

Jazz is a language, and a number of Broadway and Hollywood scores have recently been translated into it, or at least rephrased with a jazz accent. The results, while not always pleasing the jazz clique, have made a running start toward the pop charts, where André Previn's *My Fair Lady* and Louis Armstrong's *Hello, Dolly!* led the way. Some new pop-jazz releases:

DUKE ELLINGTON: MARY POPPINS (Reprise). The Duke leaves all the Hollywood sugar in these twelve pieces from the Disney movie and adds some corn (a growing trumpet, a wab-wab trombone). But there is deftness in most of his gentle transformations, and he seems to enjoy playing with the little pieces. The virtuosos of his big band step forward solemnly to play the songs of Mr. Banks, the children and the chimney sweep, and Saxophonist Paul Gonsalves scampers through Mary Poppins' exultant solo faster than one can say supercalifragilistic-expialidocious.

DIZZY GOES HOLLYWOOD (Philips) could more properly be called *Hollywood Goes*

Dizzy, and what a way to go. Gillespie's trumpet throws flames octaves high while it sears eleven songs and movie themes, including those from *Caesar and Cleopatra*, *Never on Sunday* and *Lawrence of Arabia*. *Walk on the Wild Side* gets the most extended and exploratory treatment along the lines of its title.

ART BLAKEY AND THE JAZZ MESSENGERS: **GOLDEN BOY** (Colpix). Blakey doubled the length and breadth of five pieces from this musical (*Lorna's Here, I Want to Be with You*) and added *Yes, I Can*, which was cut out of the Broadway production, but makes a showpiece for Wayne Shorter's quicksilver tenor sax. The ten-member band, backed by Drummer Blakey, works such solid changes on the textures and rhythms of the score that it seems to come from Birdland rather than Broadway.

ILLINOIS JACQUET PLAYS COLE PORTER (Argo). The sinuous lines of these dozen ballads (*Get Out of Town*, *I've Got You Under My Skin*) are almost jazz-resistant, and the arrangers, feeding them to a 19-piece orchestra with strings and a harp, just let them flow. The rhapsodic, old-fashioned results are saved from banality by the carved, dark mahogany solos of Veteran Tenorman Jacquet.

CANNONBALL ADDERLEY, FIDDLER ON THE ROOF (Capitol). Cannonball's alto sax has lost its old, zesty funkiness, but it still provides some bright and airy embellishments, as do his drummer and bass player. *Tradition* and the bolero-tempoed dance *Cajalach* come off the catchiest, but the sextet even manages to swing, ever so gently, the *Sabbath Prayer*.

THE VILLAGE STOMPERS: NEW BEAT ON BROADWAY (Epic). The Stompers are seven bright young musicians who a year and a half ago introduced in their best-selling *Washington Square* a hybrid something they call Folk-Dixie, with the accent on Dixie. Cheerfully applying their split personality to show tunes, they make *Mack the Knife* sound like a hillbilly and they almost slaughter *People*; but even the mayhem is jolly. *Fiddler on the Roof* sounds great in the Russian-Jewish-Tin-Pan-Alley-Folk-Dixie dialect.

CINEMA

HOW TO MURDER YOUR WIFE. Amiable nonsense about a buoyant bachelor (Jack Lemmon) who wakes up married to a girl in a million (Italy's Virna Lisi) and begins to contemplate the benefits of home, sweet home v. homicide, partly because his fastidious manservant (Terry-Thomas) views all women as household pests.

TRIAL OF JOAN OF ARC. Using the actual words spoken during Joan's heresy trial in 1431, this spare, ascetic film transforms history into a unique and timeless drama that often looks like a 15th century news special.

MARRIAGE—ITALIAN STYLE. Vice is hilarious and virtue seems pretty earthy in Director Vittorio De Sica's half-humorous, half-sentimental account of how a Neapolitan hurler (Sophia Loren) fights and wins a lifelong battle to take a rake (Marcello Mastroianni).

NOTHING BUT A MAN. As hero of a sincere, forceful drama that avoids both preachiness and skin-deep sociology, a confused young Negro (Ivan Dixon) discovers what it means to be a black man in America.

THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG. Young love brightens up a shabby French seaport, where Director Jacques Demy sets

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everyone singing while he wistfully paints the town red, blue, and other sparkling primary colors.

ZORBA THE GREEK. Anthony Quinn gloriously reaches the peaks of Nikos Kazantzakis' novel about a rip-roaring old brute who teaches a timid essayist (Alan Bates) to get out of his books and into real trouble.

WORLD WITHOUT SUN. The fear and fascination of day-to-day existence in an experimental tank town under the Red Sea are coolly recorded in this eerie, colorful documentary by Oceanographer Jacques-Yves Cousteau (*The Silent World*).

BOOKS

Best Reading

THE ORDWAYS, by William Humphrey. From memorable tragedy (*Home from the Hill*), Humphrey turns to delightful comedy, chronicling the fun and foibles of a huge East Texas clan in what is perhaps the best humorous novel since Faulkner's *The Reivers*.

PRINCE EUGEN OF SAVOY, by Nicholas Henderson. A deft biography of the neglected French military genius who furthered the fortunes of the Hapsburgs after Louis XIV insulted the young man by telling him he was fit only for the priesthood.

JONATHAN SWIFT, by Nigel Dennis. A biography by a writer who knows his Swift, and is aware, also, of the grim literary and Freudian exegeses that have clouded his brilliant satires.

THE THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS OF JEAN MACAQUE, by Stuart Cloete. Having written novels about the Boer War that fell well short of Churchill in adventure, Cloete now busts loose with the funny story of a journalist who lives it up each day to try to stave off tomorrow.

THE FOUNDING FATHER, by Richard Whalen. This is a book for sidewalk superintendents of man's self-building: from the excavation to the towers, the construction of Joe Kennedy's fabulous fortune and consequent family power is painstakingly detailed.

FRIEDA LAWRENCE, edited by F. W. Tedlock Jr. The letters, essays and memoirs of the great writer's wife show that, while he may have been the prophet of free love on paper, in his life and at home he was an emotional Victorian trying to cope with a flirtatious woman.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. Herzog, Bellow (1 last week)
2. The Man, Wallace (3)
3. The Rector of Justin, Auchincloss (4)
4. The Horse Knows the Way, O'Hara (2)
5. Funeral in Berlin, Dighton (5)
6. Hurry Sundown, Gilden
7. This Rough Magic, Stewart (7)
8. Covenant with Death, Becker (9)
9. You Only Live Twice, Fleming (6)
10. Julian, Vidal (10)

NONFICTION

1. Markings, Hammarkjöld (11)
2. Reminiscences, MacArthur (2)
3. The Italians, Barzini (3)
4. The Founding Father, Whalen (4)
5. Queen Victoria, Longford (9)
6. The Words, Sartre (5)
7. Life with Picasso, Gilot and Lake (8)
8. My Autobiography, Chaplin (7)
9. The Kennedy Years, The New York Times and Viking Press (6)
10. The Kennedy Wit, Adler (10)

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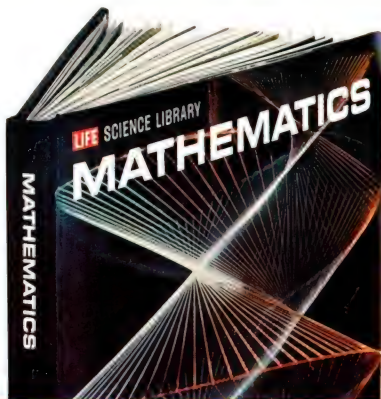
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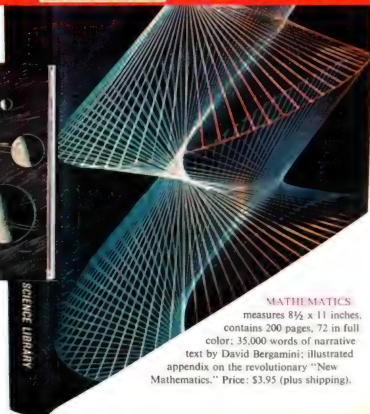


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LETTERS

More War or Less

Sir: If we are coming to realize the gravity of the situation in Viet Nam [Feb. 12], we may even learn a lesson from history: wars are not avoided by appeasement. We failed to stand firm in Eastern Europe, China and Cuba, and Communism has continued its advance. In Viet Nam it would be far better to face the enemy now rather than later, when he may be able to threaten us with nuclear arms. We are engaged in mortal combat with a despicable, determined and desperate foe, and should neither give nor seek quarter.

ANDREW F. DIMSLEY JR.
Lieutenant, U.S.M.C.

Jacksonville, N.C.

Sir: In determining its policy in Asia the U.S. must either forever give Red China what it demands or draw the line, I concur with Richard Nixon [Feb. 5] that now is the time to take a stand.

WILLIAM E. ELTON

Hanover, N.H.

Sir: Nixon's use of the floundering war in Viet Nam for political hay is to be deplored. His proposal, if carried out, would perhaps not involve us in a hot war with Red China, but it would certainly earn us the lasting hatred and mistrust of millions of Southeast Asians.

MARIE ROZE

Menwood, Ill.

Sir: An appropriate commentary on the Viet Nam situation is to be found on the monument at Concord Bridge near Boston in memory of the British soldiers who died fighting the American rebels:

*They came three thousand miles and died
To keep the past upon its throne*

PAUL JEWELL

Lincoln, Ariz.

Sir: How to save South Viet Nam: send American aid to North Viet Nam instead of South Viet Nam. Soon coups, Buddhist suicides, riots will occur in North Viet Nam and South Viet Nam will be saved.

FRANK YANG

Rochester

Profits in Russia

Sir: Your cover story on economic reform in the Soviet Union [Feb. 12] was most welcome. By avoiding the inaccurate but oft-heard claim that the Soviet use of a profit measure to judge managerial efficiency is galloping capitalism, your story provided some needed understanding

of a commonly misunderstood question. I do not foresee imminent total decentralization. Certainly a balance will be struck. And it will be one in which the political leaders retain control over the direction taken by the economy. In order to improve efficiency, more sensitive methods—those involving decentralized decision making—are needed. The current reforms may well represent a permanent shift to planning methods more appropriate to the present stage of development of the Russian economy.

HUBERT S. LEVINE
University of Pennsylvania
Philadelphia

Sir: More significant than the Russians' turn to the profit system is, in my opinion, the fact that the pros and cons of the system are being openly debated within the Soviet Union.

RICHARD D. MARTIN

Arlington, Va.

The Bright Boss

Sir: Your cover story on the Joint Chiefs of Staff [Feb. 5] reminded me of President Kennedy's words to the graduating class at West Point in 1962: "The non-military problems which you will face will also be most demanding: diplomatic, political and economic." Your well-considered article should be required reading for all junior officers who aspire to the lofty positions you describe.

PATRICK E. WYNNE
Lieutenant, U.S.A.F.
Chandler, Ariz.

Sir: When things get rough, they will send for the heroes to replace the military politicians.

GEORGE COTTON GILLHARD
Colonel, U.S.M.C. (ret.)
Riverside, Calif.

Sir: As a gladiator with 15 campaigns behind me, it is apparent to me that the Pentagon's "thinkers and planners" are getting us gladiators the hell out of Southeast Asia.

IRISH WALKER

Boulder, Colo.

Sir: McNamara and the Administration finally put together a team to run the military. Everyone "reasons" together, and no one says no to the Administration.

PAUL KARNIK

Fair Lawn, N.J.

Sir: Would someone give the command "At ease"? I've been standing at attention

ever since seeing your cover picture of the Joint Chiefs.

JOHN VASSILES

Kew Gardens Hills, N.Y.

Sir: I was amused by your article in the humor section on "McNamara's Band."

D. N. DOWLING

Mattoon, Ill.

Home Sweet Zoo

Sir: Almost all exotic animals [Feb. 5] are unsuitable as pets. Most have no idea of the time, money and trouble involved in looking after them. Many of them are very delicate, others require highly specialized diets, and yet others (particularly monkeys) are extremely dangerous when malnourished.

NIGEL STEWELL

Editor

Animals

London

Sir: The snake you identified as a boa is actually an African rock python. The python usually makes a harder, longer-lived, more interesting, gentler pet than the boa, and is much larger.

CRAIG PHILLIPS

Arlington, Va.

As demonstrated by Herpetophile George Kleinsinger who has a boa (left) as well as a python.

DAVID COHEN



Never Too Late

Sir: We read with surprise the item on Ethiopia [Feb. 12]. Addis Ababa's municipal center was totally financed by Ethiopian taxpayers. However, the municipality would welcome \$2,500,000 from the U.S. to finance new projects in its five-year plan for other services.

ZEDE GABRI HEYWO
Mayor

Addis Ababa, Ethiopia

General v. General

Sir: General Weigand [Feb. 5] was a great interservice and inter-Allied chief. He sacrificed himself in 1940 when he accepted the post of commander-in-chief at a time when the battle was already lost. He was brutally dismissed in 1941 on Hitler's orders. He had won the respect and affection of all the French veterans. The decision of the government, denying him a funeral at Les Invalides, has had a disastrous effect on public opinion.

CHRISTIAN DE GUILLERON

Nancy, France

Sir: No doubt many would-be heirs of Napoleon will object to your impertinent

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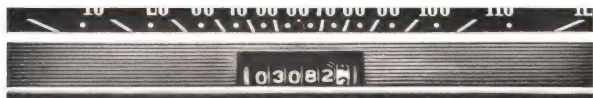
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WITH PAKISTAN'S PRESIDENT AYUB KHAN

It was an exciting time to be in Asia—the group heard about the U.S. air strikes against North Viet Nam halfway through the tour. While Saigon had to be dropped from the itinerary for security reasons, the Vietnamese war was one of the chief topics of inquiry.

The tour started in Washington, with a briefing by John McCone, head of the Central Intelligence Agency. After a stop in Paris, where *TIME*'s principal Asia correspondents joined the party, the first visit was to Pakistan. At his Karachi residence, Sandhurst-educated President Ayub Khan, a red rose in his lapel, bluntly discussed the problems facing his country and the U.S. Chief among these is Pakistan's bitterness over American military aid to India, which Ayub feels will sooner or later be used not against the Communists in Asia but against his own country. As a result, Pakistan has lately edged away from its once solid pro-Western position and moved closer to Red China—a move which Ayub insisted was not against U.S. interests.

Flying on to India, the travelers heard the other side of the India-Pakistan dispute from diminutive Prime Minister Lal Bahadur Shastri. He called Indian relations with Red China "as bad as they can be," but advocated Peking's admission to the U.N. and shrank from endorsing the U.S. position in Viet Nam. He also discussed India's gravest problems—economic stagnation and inadequate food. When asked what his country was doing about its population explosion, Shastri smiled: "I hesitate to give advice because I have six children myself."

In Thailand the *TIME* group was received by King Bhumibol Adulyadej at his Bangkok palace, surrounded by green lawns and hedges neatly fashioned into the shapes of elephants, alligators and birds. In the Gomain Room (so named for a red precious stone, said to be clearer than a ruby), the King spoke of the closeness of Thai-U.S. relations. Then he showed the visitors some of his canvases—the monarch is a dedicated amateur painter. The pictures included one showing a blur of writhing demons in browns, greens and reds titled *Subversion*.

Subversion, Communist variety, was



WITH MALAYSIA'S TUNKU ABDUL RAHMAN

also taken up by Prime Minister Thanom Kittikachorn. "Those who talk about U.S. withdrawal from Viet Nam," said he, "are those who do not share the responsibility." A stirring appeal for U.S. commitment in Asia came from Foreign Minister Thanat Khoman, who said: "We in Thailand have no place to retreat to, so we will make our first stand and our last stand here." But he was optimistic: "If we draw up a balance sheet of our strengths and weaknesses and those of our antagonists, we would find it very much in our favor."

Next stop was Malaysia, the thriving federation threatened on the outside by Indonesian aggression and on the inside by racial conflicts. At Singapore's Raffles Hotel, that famed and slightly faded remnant of empire, the tour members heard Lee Kuan Yew, Prime Minister of Singapore, offer sharp though sympathetic criticism of U.S. policy in Asia. He also put forth a striking definition of "the real problem" in the Far East: "How to give the human being in Asia the same zest, the same incentives which make a prosperous society, without being cold and dedicated and zealous like the other chaps, who are cold-blooded and ruthless in the process."

Later, in Kuala Lumpur, the travelers met Malaysia's Prime Minister Tunku Abdul Rahman and his Deputy, Abdul Razak. It happened to be the Prime Minister's 62nd birthday and so, with more serious matters disposed of, he ambidextrously cut a birthday cake and



WITH INDIA'S PRIME MINISTER SHASTRI

heard his visitors spontaneously burst into "Happy birthday, dear Tunku, happy birthday to you."

Everywhere in Southeast Asia the presence of Red China looms, and nowhere is that presence more carefully observed than in Hong Kong. There, the *TIME* group received what U.S. Consul General Edward E. Rice described as "the fullest briefing on Communist China we have given here."

Perhaps the most dramatic view of the conflict with Red China was afforded in Taiwan, where indomitable Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, 77, still rules over Nationalist China and still dreams—though with diminishing assurance—of some day freeing the mainland. Before meeting the generalissimo and Madame Chiang, the visitors flew to Quemoy, the tiny, heavily fortified Nationalist island just off the mainland, which again and again has bravely stood up against heavy Red shelling. On the way back to Taiwan, one engine in a Nationalist air force plane gave out and the craft had to return to Quemoy. While repairs were made, some of the visitors passed the time on a parched nine-hole golf course: one player nervously hooked a drive off the fairway into a machine-gun emplacement.

By the time the tour officially wound up its final and 26th briefing, the businessmen had learned to toss interview questions like old pros and to assess answers with the required caution. "I thought I had these things all figured out," summed up one traveler, "but now I realize things are both simpler and not so simple as I thought." Thai Foreign Minister Thanat Khoman described the tour as "an international public service"—and we of *TIME* hope it was.

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THE NATION



U.S. F-100 FIGHTERS HEADING NORTH FROM DANANG

"I want a joint attack. I want it to be prompt. I want it to be appropriate."

FOREIGN RELATIONS

"A Look Down That Long Road"

(See Cover)

To the members of the National Security Council, seated around the coffin-shaped table in the Cabinet Room of the White House, the President of the U.S. said with quiet anger: "I've gone far enough. I've had enough of this." And so, in response to a murderous series of Communist attacks against U.S. military forces and installations in South Viet Nam, President Lyndon Johnson gave the orders that on three different days last week sent American and Vietnamese warplanes smashing north of the 17th parallel at Red supply dumps, communications systems and guerrilla staging areas.

As the U.S. policy evolved during the week, it became increasingly evident that future raids against North Viet Nam will not be carried out on a strict tit-for-tat basis—a dubious strategy that has deprived Washington and Saigon of the initiative. Thus the war in Viet Nam has taken on a brand-new dimension—and can never again be quite the same.

To no one was this more welcome than the man directly responsible for the U.S. military effort in Viet Nam: Army General William C. Westmoreland, 50, commander of the 23,500 American servicemen in South Viet Nam and senior U.S. military adviser to South Vietnamese forces. "The war has quite obviously moved into another stage," said Westmoreland in visible relief. "Now the rules of war have changed, and policymakers in Hanoi are confronted with the necessity of balancing their resources against the

damage they may suffer. They've got to take a look down that long road and decide whether they really want what lies ahead for them if they persist in past policies."

After Nothing, Something. It was a long time coming. For 15 months, President Johnson had refused to change course, despite the steadily deteriorating situation in South Viet Nam. To retreat, he said, would be "strategically unwise and morally unthinkable." To expand the war might get the U.S. into a fight "with 700 million Chinese." On the very eve of the current crisis he reiterated to an associate his determination to "go neither north nor south."

Last August, when Red torpedo boats attacked U.S. destroyers in the Gulf of Tonkin, Johnson ordered air strikes against their home bases—but he made it eminently clear that this was a one-shot reprisal and would not be repeated, except under similar provocation. For months afterward, as Hanoi steadily increased the rate of infiltration via jungle trails threading into South Viet Nam until it reached the rate of at least 1,000 men a month, Johnson did nothing. Twice the Viet Cong struck directly at U.S. personnel, and twice they got away with it. Two days before the U.S. presidential election, guerrillas killed five Americans, wounded 76, and destroyed six B-57 bombers with a savage mortar barrage against South Viet Nam's Bien Hoa Airfield. Last Christmas Eve, a plastic charge demolished Saigon's Brink Hotel, a big officers' billet, killing two Americans and wounding 98 others. Both times U.S. Ambassador Maxwell Taylor pleaded for a retaliatory

strike at the North. Both times he was turned down.

Year of the Snake. Given this evidence, it was not surprising that the North Vietnamese thought they could continue to operate with impunity from their privileged sanctuary against the South. Finally, they provoked Lyndon Johnson beyond patience. The attack that started the escalator came on Feb. 7, following a week-long lull in the war while Vietnamese celebrated the lunar New Year. As the Year of the Dragon went out and the Year of the Snake came in, the Viet Cong had unilaterally proclaimed a seven-day cease-fire. They spent that period busily caching explosives and setting up mortar positions near the central highlands town of Pleiku, 240 miles northeast of Saigon. As headquarters of South Viet Nam's II Army Corps and site of a U.S.-run airstrip at nearby Camp Holloway, Pleiku was a tempting target.

Only two hours after the so-called cease-fire ended at midnight, two squads of Viet Cong rushed out of the high grass near Camp Holloway's 4,200-ft. airstrip, cut through a double apron of barbed wire without being seen by guards, began blowing up parked helicopters and light reconnaissance planes with satchel charges. At the same time, guerrillas hiding in a hamlet 1,000 yds. from the camp poured 55 rounds from 81-mm. mortars smack into the compound where 400 U.S. advisers lived. They were right on target. Fifty-two billets were damaged, including some totally destroyed. In one, cartoonist Bill Mauldin, who happened to be in Pleiku visiting his son Bruce, a 21-year-old U.S. Army warrant officer, leaped up at the first mortar blast, scampered out-

side in his underwear (see THE PRESS). Within 15 minutes, the guerrillas pulled back, covering their retreat with recoilless rifles and rifle grenades. Seven Americans died, more than 100 were wounded, and nearly a score of aircraft was damaged or destroyed.

"Bad, Very Bad." Four miles across the rolling plateau, another Viet Cong unit of six to ten men crept toward a compound at II Corps headquarters, where 180 U.S. advisers lived. Slipping past the outer defense perimeter manned by Vietnamese guards, they cut their way through an apron of barbed wire, crawled on their bellies toward the compound gate. Just as they reached it, a U.S. sentry, SP5 Jesse Pyle of Marina, Calif., spotted them and opened fire, killing one guerrilla. The noise roused the sleeping Americans, saved many from certain death had the Viet Cong slipped inside. As it was, the attack force riddled Pyle—the eighth American to die at Pleiku—tossed homemade grenades wrapped in bamboo or placed in beer cans at the barracks, wounded 25 Americans.

Word of the attack was flashed from the remote outpost to Saigon, thence to Pacific Command Headquarters in Honolulu, the Pentagon and the White House. At his villa in Saigon, General Westmoreland awakened two house guests, both members of the visiting entourage of White House Aide McGeorge Bundy. The three hurried to Westmoreland's headquarters, two blocks away. There they joined Bundy, Ambassador Taylor and other top U.S. officials for an emergency early-morning conference. Their recommendation to Washington: strike back. A few hours later, when Westmoreland inspected the damage at Pleiku and flew to a field hospital where Pleiku's wounded were being treated in five operating rooms, he felt completely certain that his decision had been the right one. "This is bad," he said, "very bad."

The Pleiku attack was undeniably aimed exclusively at Americans; there was not a single casualty among the 4,300 Vietnamese there. It was early afternoon when details about the Pleiku disaster arrived in Washington. Until nearly nightfall, President Johnson stayed on the phone with his security advisers, among them Defense Secretary Robert McNamara, home in bed with viral pneumonia.

Three Things. At the Pentagon, General Earle G. ("Bus") Wheeler, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, picked up a direct line to the War Room at the Pearl Harbor headquarters of Admiral Ulysses S. Grant Sharp Jr., the supreme U.S. commander in the Pacific (TIME cover, Aug. 14). Sharp was discussing the attack with his aides when the amber light on his dialless gold telephone flashed on. Wheeler wanted to make sure that the Seventh Fleet was ready. Sharp assured him that it was.

That evening, chauffeured black Cadillac limousines came in steady, sol-

emn procession to the west entrance of the White House for an urgent meeting of the National Security Council. In the Cabinet Room, Johnson let the NSC know that the only question was not whether to retaliate, but where. "The worst thing we could possibly do," said the President, "would be to let this go by. It would be a big mistake. It would open the door to a major misunderstanding." He continued: "I

want three things: I want a joint attack [including Vietnamese as well as U.S. planes], I want it to be prompt, I want it to be appropriate."

Just twelve hours after the Pleiku attack, 49 U.S. A-4 Skyhawks and F-8 Crusaders streaked off the decks of the U.S. aircraft carriers *Ranger*, *Hancock* and *Coral Sea*, all steaming about 100 miles off South Viet Nam in the South China Sea. The jets headed for Dong-



hoi, 160 miles above the 17th parallel, a major staging point for Red guerrillas en route south. The bombers inflicted "considerable" damage, said McNamara, up from his sickbed. One plane was shot down, but its pilot was plucked from the sea.

The Key. A joint Vietnamese-U.S. strike aborted because of bad weather, was carried out the next day. Two dozen prop-driven Vietnamese Skyraiders and an unspecified number of U.S. jets from the big Danang airbase 375 miles north of Saigon plastered a major guerrilla staging and communications center at Vinhlinh, five miles north of the 17th parallel. Leading the Vietnamese wave was South Viet Nam's Vice Air Marshal Nguyen Cao Ky, resplendent in a white crash helmet streaked with orange, a violet scarf and a black flying suit. Ky's plane took four hits, and he himself was grazed by shrapnel. Despite heavy ground fire, only one plane was lost; the pilot was rescued.

In publicly explaining the strikes against North Viet Nam, the White House emphasized that they were in response to "provocations ordered and directed by the Hanoi regime." Despite the strikes, said the President, "we seek no wider war." But he added, in a clear enunciation of U.S. policy: "Whether or not this course can be maintained lies with the North Vietnamese aggressors. The key to the situation remains the cessation of infiltration from North Viet Nam and the clear indication by the Hanoi regime that it is prepared to cease aggression against its neighbors." When he explained his action to congressional leaders at lengthy White House briefings, he won clear

expressions of support from both sides of the aisle.

No Substitutes. Predictably, the Communists mounted demonstrations outside U.S. embassies from Moscow to Montevideo. At Moscow University, a bulletin-board notice cordially invited students of all nationalities to the bash. Some 2,000 accepted, marched ten abreast to the iron gates of the nine-story U.S. embassy, pelted it with ice, bricks, ink bottles, and chunks of coal from a truck that was conveniently stalled a few doors down the street.

Under the benign eyes of hundreds of Russian cops, the "students" spatulated the embassy's yellow pastel facade with ink, smashed 202 windows. By way of contrast, when 400 American students later picketed the Soviet embassy in Washington in orderly fashion, police kept them 11 blocks away from the building.

In Washington, the U.S. protested the Moscow demonstration—the eighth such occurrence since June 1958—as an "outrage." President Johnson authorized the release of a statement to the effect that such attacks severely damage U.S.-Soviet relations. "Expressions of regret and compensation," it said, "are no substitute for adequate protection."

Official Moscow noisily protested the U.S. bombings, and its anger almost certainly came in part because Soviet Premier Aleksei Kosygin happened to be visiting Hanoi at the time (see *TIM* WORLD). Peking was even shriller. The Chinese warned that they "absolutely will not stand idly by" and that "we are waiting for you in battle array." After a close reading of the Communist complaints, Washington experts concluded



U.S. DEPENDENTS LEAVING DANANG
No choice but to clear the decks.

that what Russia and China said did not threaten drastic action. North of the 17th parallel, U.S. intelligence sources noted no unusual signs of activity, either in Hanoi's 225,000-man army or in a Red Chinese force of 300,000 that has been massed just over the North Vietnamese border since last summer's Tonkin Gulf crisis.

Other Moves. Even as he ordered the air strikes against North Viet Nam, President Johnson took other actions aimed at convincing the Communists that the U.S. really means business in Viet Nam. For one thing, he ordered an Okinawa-based battalion of 550 Marines armed with 54 Hawk ground-to-air missiles to Danang to protect scores of aircraft parked wingtip to wingtip on aprons. The Hawk is a killer at up to 45,000 ft. and at a distance of 22 miles, homes in on enemy aircraft by radar. The dispatch of the Hawks was merely an extra precaution against the possibility that some 50 MIG-15s and MIG-17s—a gift from Red China—sitting still unused at Phuoc airbase near Hanoi, might be called into action. One 18-missile Hawk battery flew out of Okinawa, was in position at Danang little more than 24 hours after being alerted.

To give the U.S. more flexibility in Viet Nam, Johnson ordered all 1,819 dependents of Government and military personnel out of the country—a move long opposed by Taylor and Westmoreland. "We have no choice now," explained the President, "but to clear the decks and make absolutely clear our continued determination to back South Viet Nam in its fight to maintain its independence."

Most of the dependents were reluctant to leave. "I don't like it. I like to be with my husband," said Mrs. Maxwell Taylor. But she, as well as West-



G.I.'S BUNK AFTER PREDAWN ATTACK AT PLEIKU
No longer a beguiling blend of two worlds.

moreland's wife and three children, was ticketed for departure along with the rest. "We don't want to go," said Westmoreland's 16-year-old daughter Katherine as she bade friends farewell at Saigon's Tan Son Nhut Airport. When a teen-aged acquaintance taunted Katherine that the move was her father's fault, she bristled: "It is not. It's the fault of Lynda Bird's father, not mine."

At Huế and Saigon, mothers burdened with hastily wrapped packages and damp-eyed children boarded commercial airliners barely 36 hours after learning they were to be separated from their husbands, many for at least a year. The evacuation was scheduled to be completed early this week. Remaining behind: 440 dependents of private U.S. citizens.

"Strike Hard." Even as the decks were being cleared, Radio Hanoi blared an order to the Viet Cong to "strike hard, very hard, at the enemy on all battlefields." The Viet Cong lost no time in obeying. Guerrillas struck at two points near Da Nang, overran the town of Ducphong, beating to death four U.S. advisers, then killed another American and wounded a dozen in a battle outside Saigon. And at midweek, reports began reaching the capital that the Viet Cong had dealt the South Viet Nam army one of its worst defeats of the war in a battle near Phumy, a coastal city 70 miles east of Pleiku.

Two South Vietnamese companies bivouacked in the mountains north of Phumy were overrun in a nighttime Viet Cong raid. In reply to their radio calls for help, a full South Vietnamese infantry battalion, reinforced by an armored troop, was dispatched north on guerrilla-infested Highway 1, a 700-mile coastal route that runs from Saigon to the 17th parallel. At a narrow defile, three infantry companies fanned out to scout the jungle-cloaked hills towering above the road. They made no contact, but as the rest of the force entered the defile, a Viet Cong battalion swarmed out of camouflaged foxholes, poured machine-gun and recoilless-rifle fire down on the trapped troops below. When the three scouting companies doubled back to help, a second Viet Cong battalion overran them from behind. Most of the armored troop and four U.S. advisers escaped, but the infantrymen were butchered. Five South Vietnamese companies were decimated, with at least 300 killed, 300 wounded.

Beneath the Rubble. In Saigon, officials were still pondering those losses when the Viet Cong struck again—this time at a U.S. enlisted men's hotel at Quinhon, a port city of 50,000. As Army SP5 Robert Marshall recalled it, he was lying on his bed in the newly built, four-story Viet Cuong ("Strength of Viet Nam") Hotel, occupied by 62 Americans, when he heard gunfire. Marshall dashed to a balcony, squeezed off 50 shots at black-clad guerrillas shooting up at him from the street. He killed two, ran back to his room for more ammo.

In the confusion, Viet Cong demolition teams placed friction charges on the front and rear walls of the building and a 100-lb. TNT charge in the lobby. The building folded like an accordion. Nothing remained but a one-story heap of rubble. "My first impulse was to grab my steel folding bed and pull it over me," said Marshall. "This must have saved my life. I was on the third floor and the hotel simply disintegrated beneath me." Nearly three hours later, he crawled and gouged his way to safety.

Others were less fortunate. A Korean doctor crawled through a hole to a soldier whose leg was pinned and crushed under a heavy beam. He administered morphine, tried to amputate the leg with a surgical saw. "That boy is young,"

planes screamed off the decks of attack carriers, ducked under a cloud canopy that limited their ceiling to as little as 700 ft., and blasted a supply and staging base at Chanhhoa with everything from fragmentation bombs to 750-pounders. Two hours later, 28 Vietnamese Skyraiders and 28 U.S. jets from Da Nang hit a regimental-sized barracks at Chapple, just north of the partition line. Three U.S. planes were lost. Two of the pilots were quickly rescued, but the North Vietnamese captured the third, Lieut. Commander Robert H. Shumaker, 31, when he parachuted from his disabled plane.

Obviously, an important question raised during the week of thrust and counterthrust was that of security



FLAG-DRAPED, BEMODED COFFINS ABOARD HOMEBOUND U.S. PLANE
No more misunderstanding: the aims are simple and long-range.

the doctor said. "His bones are strong. It is difficult to cut through." A surgical aide crept in, broke through the bone and severed the agonized soldier's leg to free him. Another soldier stripped off his clothes, smeared himself with soap to wriggle through a narrow aperture after 35 hours in the ruins.

For days, U.S. marines, soldiers and Seabees, New Zealand engineers and Vietnamese troops dug with cranes, shovels and picks. But at least 20 G.I.s had been in the small ground-floor but when the hotel buckled, and all were feared dead. The toll: 21 Americans dead or missing, 22 wounded.

Soon after the hotel was destroyed, 50 junks carrying up to ten Viet Cong guerrillas apiece inched toward Quinhon's docks. The junks were 200 yards from shore when armed U.S. helicopters swooped down and forced them to disappear into a mangrove swamp.

The U.S. reply to the Quinhon attack was the biggest air attack of the war. Within 18 hours, more than 100 Navy

against future Viet Cong attacks. But it is doubtful whether anything approaching real security can be achieved in a guerrilla war. "I don't believe it will ever be possible to protect our forces against sneak attacks of that kind," said Defense Secretary McNamara after Pleiku. Quinhon occurred despite stringently tightened security, including U.S. sentries patrolling the hotel's roof.

There are Americans at some 200 installations throughout Viet Nam, and according to one Pentagon estimate, it would take 50 military police battalions—roughly 200,000 men—to guard those installations adequately. By another reckoning, a big airfield like Da Nang would require a 171-mile perimeter to keep it out of the range of 81-mm. mortars; a full U.S. division would be required for the job. Lacking such manpower, U.S. troops are improvising. At Quinhon's airstrip, officers and enlisted men alike have begun hiring rugged Mung tribesmen for \$5



WESTMORELAND IN COMBAT AREA
End of a dubious strategy.

a month—paid out of their own pockets—for sentry duty. Such an arrangement is hardly S.O.P. for the Army, but in South Viet Nam, as one Defense Department official puts it, "there is no book—nothing fits."

The 25th Hour. General Westmoreland, a brilliant "book" soldier, has been learning that lesson since he reached Saigon in August. A lean, greying six-footer, "Westy" was first captain of cadets at West Point (1936), saw World War II combat in Tunisia, Sicily, at Utah Beach on D-day. During the Korean War, he led the tough 187th Airborne Regimental Combat Team. A bird colonel at 30, he became the youngest major general in the Army in 1956. Max Taylor, the Army's Chief of Staff, pinned his second star on him. As superintendent of West Point, Westmoreland helped put a modernized curriculum into effect, oversaw a major expansion program.

While Westmoreland was commanding the 101st Airborne Division at Fort Campbell, Ky., in 1958, he led a routine paratroop drop that turned to tragedy when the winds shifted. Five men were dragged to their death, one when the wind caught his grounded chute and swept him over a cliff. Westmoreland pitched in to help the wounded, from that day on refused to give the go-ahead for a drop until he had jumped first and had time to gauge the wind.

Westmoreland leads by asking much of his men—and by asking even more of himself. "He's been trying to wring the 25th hour of the day out of my hide since he arrived," says one staff officer, "and I'm afraid that some day he's going to make it." He tells his men in Viet Nam: "You're only going to be here for one year, so work like the very

devil. A seven-day, 60-hour week is the very minimum for this course."

In the Paddies. Charting a rough course for himself, Westmoreland rises at 6:30, breakfasts in his bathrobe, and does not put on his uniform until just before leaving for the office—so as to keep the creases sharper. He usually works a twelve-hour day, lunching at his desk. But he also tries to get out into the field at least for one or two days a week. "He's already been in every paddysfield in Viet Nam," said an aide.

Westmoreland has worked closely with Taylor to integrate U.S. military and civilian operations that had previously seemed at cross purposes. But for a 28-year Army man, the cloudy lines of command can be frustrating. Westmoreland has 15,000 soldiers, 6,000 airmen, 1,150 land-based sailors and 1,400 Marines under his command. Yet his chief job is not to command but to train and advise South Viet Nam's army. "He's used to telling men what to do and seeing them do it," says Executive Editor Charles Moss of the Nashville Banner, an old friend. "Working through a foreign government can be difficult."

How Long? Still, Westmoreland remains an optimist. "I think the job can be done," he says. "In no manner do I underestimate the magnitude of the problem, but I am realistically hopeful that we can move out in a successful way." How long will it take? Warns Westmoreland: "It could be a long, drawn-out campaign. In Malaya it took twelve years."

Sometimes even twelve months seems an impossibly long time for the Americans involved in the dirty jungle war. For the 10,000 or so who lived in Saigon before the dependents moved out, the life was often a beguiling blend of two worlds; there were Stateside movies, women's auxiliaries and PX privileges. There were also roomy villas with two or three servants, broad, tree-lined boulevards, and a delightfully Gallic tang to the city.

But the life had a darker side. At the American Community School, pupils were told not to put their hands in their desks without checking first for booby traps, and those roomy villas were often ringed with barbed wire to ward off terrorists. A year ago, five Americans died, 100 were wounded in a week when the Viet Cong bombed a ballpark and a movie house.

For those further afield, the comforts are fewer, the dangers greater. Amoebic dysentery is endemic. Few amusements are available. Four U.S. soldiers went on a fishing trip near Quinhon last month, were later discovered murdered; three had been weighted with rocks and dumped in watery graves.

The loneliest life of all is that of the isolated adviser to small Vietnamese units. In a letter that his wife received in Junction City, Kans., last week, Captain Carlton J. Holland described the life. "I had some Saigon brass out here on the 3rd of February," he wrote. "I

get a kick out of some of their forms and questions: Do I keep a mess fund, who does the laundry, how is the filing system, any complaint on the movies, can we send you a hi-fi set? I just laugh at them; my bath, laundry and drinking water are in that creek; filing systems in my pockets; no large mess bill on dried fish and rice; the movies and hi-fi—I'm lucky to get power for a flashlight . . .

The rats are very bad tonight, and I keep coughing up this stuff in my lungs. These damned rats, I have to keep my feet up; they are running across them."

The day Mrs. Holland received the letter, she was notified that her husband was dead—one of the four Americans slain at Huephong.

Bogged Down. The reason Captain Holland was in Viet Nam at all is often forgotten. Basically, the policy goes back to June 1950 and Harry Truman's decision to halt Communist "armed invasion and war" in Korea. In Viet Nam, the goal remains the same as it was when Dwight Eisenhower enunciated it in 1954, just after the Geneva Conference that partitioned Viet Nam. In a letter to then Premier Ngo Dinh Diem, Ike pledged U.S. aid to maintain "a strong, viable state, capable of resisting attempted subversion or aggression through military means."

In recent months, with stepped-up Viet Cong attacks and chronically unstable governments in Saigon, that objective seemed to be slipping beyond reach. To save the situation, President Johnson was advised by the Joint Chiefs to strike guerrilla sanctuaries in the North. He hesitated, in no small part because of a bit of a cautionary word on fighting in Asia that he once received from a surprising source. As the President tells it, when he visited the late General Douglas MacArthur at



HAWK MISSILES AT DANANG
Time for the unthinkable.

Walter Reed Hospital for the last time, the two got to talking about the Far East. Said MacArthur: "Son, don't ever get yourself bogged down in a land war in Asia."

Guerrilla Turnpike. Now that the President has taken a strong course, there is great concern and debate about what comes next. Johnson has been criticized for not enunciating a point-by-point policy in light of last week's events. But his stance is at least partly to avoid forewarning the Viet Cong, who have enough sources of information in South Viet Nam as it is. Army officers claim that the guerrillas generally have top-secret plans for major operations within eight hours after adoption. The U.S. has repeatedly made known its general policy. "We have a very simple and a very limited long-range objective: to put South Viet Nam on its feet and to get North Viet Nam to keep its hands off," says a top U.S. official in Saigon. "As long as the enemy continues to obstruct that objective, he's going to be hit and hit again."

Where? A number of future North Vietnamese targets stand out: Highway 12 to Laos, a newly built guerrilla turnpike; the military-industrial complex of Vinh, where the Hanoi railway ends; a big rail bridge at Tanhau, spanning a deep ravine; the Hanoi-Haiphong highway; petroleum storage tanks in Haiphong; the rail line entering North Viet Nam from China at Dongdang. As a heavily populated civilian center of 644,000, Hanoi is unlikely to be hit before the others, although the North Vietnamese do not seem sure of that: one eyewitness saw residents digging trenches in parks and gardens there last week.

Who Shall Pay? There are obvious dangers in the new U.S. firmness. But the perils of pulling back or showing a lack of resolution are greater, the chief one being that Red China's expansionist government would see U.S. weakness as an invitation to crawl over Southeast Asia.

Inevitably, there has been pressure from such sources as Paris, India and the United Nations for negotiations. Citing "dangerous possibilities of escalation," U.N. Secretary-General U Thant urged "shifting the quest for a solution away from the field of battle to the conference table." Replied the State Department: "We see no purpose to be served until there is evidence that the Communists are willing to abide by their previous commitments to leave their neighbors alone."

At week's end the Viet Cong demonstrated just how unwilling they were to do so. In a broadcast aired by their clandestine radio, the guerrillas warned U.S. servicemen that they would soon "pay more blood debts." The U.S., in its new mood of resolve, might see to it that the Communists of North Viet Nam are made to pay enough that they cannot afford to continue their aggression and subversion.

THE ADMINISTRATION

Mann on the Move

Students of the Johnson Administration's hierarchy have long since earmarked Thomas C. Mann, 52, special presidential assistant and Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs (TIME cover, Jan. 31, 1964), as a man on the rise. Last week Tom Mann rose: President Johnson appointed him Under Secretary of State for Economic Affairs, replacing New York's former Governor Averell Harriman, 73, whose title was Under Secretary for Political Affairs. The titles are interchangeable, and it is up to the President to decide what he wants to call his No. 3 State Department man, behind Secretary Dean Rusk and Deputy Secretary George Ball.

Harriman now becomes an ambassador at large, an amorphous position



UNDER SECRETARY MANN
Promotion for a doer.

that the White House defined as "handling specific high-level assignments in the department and abroad." To take Mann's place at State, but not as a White House assistant, Johnson picked Jack Hood Vaughn, 44, who is currently the U.S. Ambassador to Panama and has spent most of the last 16 years in Latin American jobs.

Fellow Texan Mann has impressed the President ever since his appointment as Assistant Secretary 13 months ago. Johnson has often exclaimed to associates about Mann: "He's great!" With quiet skill Mann helped persuade 19 of the 20 nations of the Organization of American States (Mexico is still holding out) to join the U.S.'s economic trade embargo against Cuba. He also tightened controls over the disbursement of Alliance for Progress funds, helped build up the Inter-American Committee on the Alliance into a forum where Latin Americans can realistically criticize and improve on their own national self-

help programs—which are the basis for Alliance financial aid. After Brazil's demagogic President João ("Jango") Goulart was overthrown, Mann responded quickly with aid that helped start Brazil toward economic stability.

Such is Mann's performance—and such is Johnson's impression of it—that the hierarchy students already are wondering if there might not be even bigger and better jobs awaiting him.

THE CONGRESS

Forced to Give Way

Lyndon Johnson, the Mr. Maneuver of U.S. politics, last week discovered to his dismay that at times even the old pro can be outmaneuvered.

For three weeks, Congress had been kicking around a Commodity Credit Corp. supplementary appropriations bill. The House added a rider banning \$37 million in food shipments to Nasser's United Arab Republic; at Johnson's urgent request, the Senate voted to allow such shipments if the President found them "in the national interest" (TIME, Feb. 12); under heavy White House pressure, the House last week accepted the Senate version.

But the scuffling was far from over. For the Senate had also attached to the CCC bill riders aimed at blocking an Administration economy plan for the prompt shutdown of 15 Veterans Administration hospitals and rest homes and 20 small Agriculture Department research centers. Among those opposing the President was Majority Leader Mike Mansfield, fighting the closing of a VA hospital in his own Montana.

House-Senate conference-committee members threatened to revive the prohibition on food to Nasser unless the Administration agreed to delay the installation shutdown until at least June 30. Appearing before the conferees were Agriculture Secretary Orville Freeman and VA Administrator William Driver, just completing his first week on the job. Freeman agreed to delaying the shutdown, signed a letter to that effect. Driver also indicated—or at least so the Congressmen thought—that he would go along.

What Freeman and Driver had done, apparently without realizing it, was to agree in effect with the original Senate amendments—which would have kept the disputed hospitals and agriculture stations open no later than June 30, the end of the current fiscal year. When the President heard what had happened he was thoroughly annoyed, ordered the whole deal called off. Convinced that he stood to lose on the Arab issue unless he gave way, he offered a 60-day postponement of the shutdowns. The conferees held out for 75 days—until May 1—and got it.

Next morning the appropriations bill passed both houses—but the President had been forced to give more than he wanted.

ORGANIZATIONS

Eldercare v. Medicare

For years the American Medical Association has furiously fought the Democratic proposals that it considered steps toward socialized medicine. From Harry Truman's program for compulsory national health insurance to John Kennedy's \$1 billion medical-care-for-the-aged plan, As taken over by President Johnson and incorporated into the Great Society, medicare seems a cinch for passage this year by the hugely Democratic 89th Congress. But the A.M.A. is determined, in the words of one top official, "to go down fighting." Meeting last week in Chicago, the A.M.A. House of Delegates endorsed an all-out national drive against medicare, along with an equally all-out push for its own program—which it calls "eldercare."

A Matter of Means. To the A.M.A. and its president, Dr. Norman A. Welch, eldercare's advantages over medicare are obvious. In a sense, eldercare would be an expansion of the 1960 Kerr-Mills law. Like Kerr-Mills, it would be financed from general tax revenues (not through social security, as proposed by medicare). It would provide federal funds matching state payments to pay for the premiums under existing private insurance plans of medical care. Like Kerr-Mills, it would set up a means test to determine whether elderly persons could afford their own medical care. Unlike Kerr-Mills, it would require only a simple sworn statement of inability to pay, not a full-scale welfare investigation.

Some A.M.A. officials estimate that eldercare would cost as much as \$500 million a year less than medicare. It would pay all or part of medical-insurance premiums for some 11 million Americans aged 65 or over—as against some 16 million who would be covered, whether they needed help or not, by medicare. Eldercare, says the A.M.A., would preserve some freedom of choice, since the patient would be able to select any hospital or institution, not just one under contract with the U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare.

\$1,000,000 Push. To push eldercare, the A.M.A. has set up a new "public education" program under which it may spend well over \$1,000,000 in the next few weeks. The A.M.A. will send its lobbyists and Washington staff of 23 into action on Capitol Hill; it has already contracted for some \$550,000 in newspaper, magazine, radio and TV advertising.^{*} In addition, the A.M.A. has offered to aid state medical societies in their own local campaigns.

In the past, similar drives have been highly effective. In 1965, with that two-thirds-or-better Democratic majority in both branches of Congress, it looks like medicare over eldercare.

^{*}The ads, however, will not appear on either the NBC or CBS television networks. Both have rejected them as "too controversial."



CHALLENGER ABEL
Down with tuxedos!

LABOR

Trouble Ahead

By the tens of thousands, steelworkers last week voted in one of the highest-stake elections in U.S. trade union history. Challenged was David John McDonald, 62, president since 1952 of the million-member United Steelworkers of America. Challenging was Steelworker Secretary Treasurer I. W. (Ike) Wilbur Abel, 56, who for the past dozen years has worked only a few paces down the hall from McDonald in the union's Pittsburgh headquarters, sharing confidences, negotiating chores and administrative responsibilities.

The Steelworkers' presidential election had all the toothmarks of an uncommonly mean campaign for public political office. Both candidates spent weeks slumping at the plant gates while their hired lackeys reeled off torrents of vituperative copy. To impress the union's 200,000 Negroes, McDonald's supporters put out juxtaposed photographs, taken at different times, showing Abel and Alabama's Governor George Wallace shaking hands with the same man—implying a link between Segregationist Wallace and Abel. To impress Roman Catholic members, Abel supporters spread reminders that Catholic McDonald had been divorced. The McDonald camp turned out a million hard-hat stickers emblazoned with the inspired slogan **LET THE WAY WITH DAVID I. ABEL'S HANDLERS ISSUED BU-TONS IN PRAISE OF HIS ENTIRE SLATE: OUT THE BASTARDS, VOTE FOR ABEL BUCKLE UP, MOLODSKY.**

Watchers & Watcher-Watchers. The voting took place in union halls across the U.S.; ballots were hand-marked and hand-counted. There were poll watchers and watchers who watched the poll watchers. As the counting continued there were claims of foul from both sides. The 3,000 steelworkers of Puerto Rico, for example, complained that the bundle they had expected to contain ballots brought only campaign propaganda mailed from Abel's office.

At week's end some 2,900 locals (of a total of 3,203) had reported results. At that stage, Abel was leading McDonald by about 4,000 votes, but it would be at least ten days before all the voting was tabulated. After that, it would undoubtedly require several more weeks—in which to adjudicate charges and countercharges—before the winner would be known.

Either way, the issues of the McDonald-Abel fight were certain to reverberate like an anvil chorus for a long time in steel uniondom and in the executive suites of the industry. In his campaign, Abel accused McDonald of "tuxedo trade unionism," a euphemism for the charge that McDonald has been too friendly with Big Steel's management. McDonald, said Abel, had failed to keep in touch with local problems, had "swept them under the rug, and now the mound is so high you stumble over it."

To McDonald, Abel represented the forces that want to take unionism back to the bad old days, to the picket lines, bloody street fights, and a blind, unimaginative refusal to accept any of the compromises that are necessary to responsible collective bargaining.

Big & Bitter. No matter who wins the steelworkers' presidency, the election returns had already set management to shuddering. The present steel contract runs out May 1, and negotiations have been suspended until a winner is declared between McDonald and Abel. And since his term does not expire until May 31, McDonald will remain in charge of this year's contract negotiations. Abel's forces already have won a clear majority of the union's wage policy and executive committees. A contract negotiated by McDonald could possibly be overturned by Abel's people. On the other hand, if Abel were to win, the McDonald forces would remain a big and bitter influence with-



INCUMBENT McDONALD
Up from the bad old days.

in the union and could upset an Abel agreement with management.

Thus, the industry figures that it can only run into trouble in its dealings with either side—and that fact points to a period of difficulty in the nation's most basic industry.

CIVIL RIGHTS

Difference of Impact

Whenever one of the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King's nonviolent civil rights drives is met by white nonviolence, the result is something like driving a tack into a marshmallow; there is very little impact. That was what happened last week in Montgomery, Ala.

Pressing his voter-registration drive, King arrived in Montgomery urging a "march on the ballot boxes," called on Negroes to join "by the thousands" in a demonstration of "peaceful good will." Far from resisting, city officials fell all over themselves in their hurry to help out. Police all but urged upon King a permit to parade the five blocks to the county courthouse from the Dexter Avenue Baptist Church, where King was pastor when he first made a national name for himself as leader of a bus boycott (TIME cover, Feb. 18, 1957).

Here, Apathy. Montgomery's city administration invited reporters to attend King's demonstration. Officials distributed press kits pointing out the route of the march, granted special permission to take photographs inside the courthouse. A pressroom was set up in the Carnegie Library next door to the courthouse, with enough desks, telephones, coffee and doughnuts for everyone. When the time came for the march, city police provided a special protective escort for the Negroes.

Then, instead of the thousands King had called for, fewer than 200 Negroes turned up. Most of them were already registered to vote. Those who were not were swiftly enrolled—without any of the headline-making incidents upon which civil rights protest movements thrive.

As King should have known, Montgomery Negroes who were interested enough to register have mostly been able to do so since 1962, when Federal District Judge Frank M. Johnson Jr. ordered an end to discrimination by city registrars. Even so, only 40% of eligible Negroes have bothered to sign up, compared with 75% registered among eligible whites. Before leaving Montgomery for Washington, where he met with the President and got assurances that the Administration would soon send new voter-rights legislation to Congress, King explained what had happened. It was, he said sadly, a matter of "apathy in the Negro community."

There, Enthusiasm. By midweek, King was back in Selma, Ala., where white segregationists—unlike those in Montgomery—still had not learned the lesson of meeting nonviolence with nonviolence. Even while King was elsewhere, Selma Negroes, of whom some

3,500 already had been arrested, again lined up outside the county courthouse to register. The registration board was not scheduled to sit again until this week, but as each Negro turned away, he merely went to the end of the line. This enraged Sheriff James Clark, who started whacking about with his billy club and—without realizing the irony of his deeds and words—crying: "You are making a mockery of justice."

Clark's temper continued to be King's greatest asset. Next day, Clark and his deputies arrested for truancy some 160 Negro youngsters peaceably demonstrating outside the courthouse, headed them off toward the edge of town. Selma's jails, said Clark, were already full, so he intended to take the kids to the Fraternal Order of Police Lodge six miles away. Brandishing billy clubs and electric cattle prods, Clark's men forced the children into a quick step



NEGRO CHILDREN ON FORCED RUN NEAR SELMA
In the name of justice, billy clubs and electric prods.

and then a trot as Clark bellowed: "You like to march so much, so we'll let you." Several youngsters dropped out, vomiting. Clark's first set of deputies wearied—and were relieved by others, who had been trailing in squad cars. The children's march went on for nearly three miles—until, finally, Clark and his deputies let them "escape."

Apparently the goings-on in Selma had taken their toll on Clark too. At week's end he was taken to Vaughan Memorial Hospital, suffering, his doctors said, from chest pains and exhaustion. A band of some 200 teen-age Negro demonstrators, most of whom had been prodded along the forced-march route by Clark and his men, gathered outside the hospital carrying signs that bore the message "Jim Clark, get well in mind and body." Said one of the demonstrators later: "It just wasn't the same without Clark fussing and fuming. We honestly miss him." That was not hard to understand, for Sheriff Clark had been an unwitting asset to King and the Negro community in Selma.

Voices in Mississippi

Even in Mississippi, which by every statistic and standard will be the last state in the Union to give way to integration, there were some hopeful signs, items:

► Lieut. Governor Carroll Gartin, addressing the Greenville Chamber of Commerce, counseled that "we must adjust to change or be destroyed by change." Said Gartin: "Businessmen, industrialists and civic leaders must speak up and speak out in a positive manner. We must not let the irresponsible become the voice of Mississippi, because in that silence we do our people the gravest injustice."

► Mississippi Bankers Association President Nat Rogers told the Kosciuszko Chamber of Commerce: "We must recognize that we have a problem and come to grips with it. We must obey

the law, keep in step with the times, and blend our enthusiasm with realism and honesty."

► Mississippi Bar Association President Earl T. Thomas defended the U.S. Supreme Court before some 40 Mississippi state and local judges: "Fair, objective and rational criticism of the court, as of all courts, is not only healthy and to be commended but also to be continued. When criticism, however, not based on rational or reasonable bases becomes solely vitriolic and emotional, then all courts are bound to suffer in the consequent loss of respect, prestige and the confidence of citizens."

Of all the calls for moderation, none was more remarkable than that issued by the 2,500-member Mississippi Economic Council, the state's foremost businessmen's organization. The council issued a statement urging Mississippians to accept and "adjust to the impact" of the new civil rights law. That law, it said, "cannot be ignored and should not be unlawfully defied." The statement demanded that "registration and voting

laws should be fairly and impartially administered for all."

Also, Mississippi's Governor Paul Johnson urged his state's public officials to appear voluntarily before the U.S. Civil Rights Commission, which last week held closed-session hearings on the subject of Negro voting rights and the treatment accorded Negroes in Mississippi courts.

DISASTERS

"Good Night"

Beneath starlit skies in perfect flying weather, Eastern Air Lines Flight 663 poised for takeoff at New York's Kennedy Airport. Aboard the four-motor

at 3,700 ft., said he saw "the traffic"—the Pan American flight approaching to land. Then Carson signed off, "Good night."

"Yeoh!" At almost the same time, aboard the Pan American jet, the pilot and copilot were taking landing instructions from the tower at Kennedy. Suddenly one of them shouted into the radio, "Yeoh!" Twenty-three seconds later, Pan American 212 radioed to the airport controllers: "We had a close miss here . . . Did you have another target in this area at this same spot where we were just a minute ago?" The tower replied, "Affirmative, however not on my scope at the present time." From the Pan American ship

They dropped flares, illuminated the area with floodlights, held rescue divers at the ready to plunge into the icy water should there be any sign of survivors. There was none.

More than two hours passed before the first flotsam of disaster bobbed to the ocean surface. Then Coast Guardsmen began fishing out the remains: shreds of metal covered with flesh, a child's mitten, a blue snowsuit, a stewardess' jacket, a woman's mohair coat, a paperback copy of *Call It Sleep*, and—eventually—the body of a little boy. Part of the cockpit floated up, and when rescuers began to lift it out of the water, the headless body of a crew member flopped out into the water.

At week's end Federal Aviation Agency investigators said that when the Eastern and Pan Am planes passed, they were 1,200-1,700 ft. apart vertically, three to four miles laterally, a safe distance on anybody's scope. Yet distances can be deceptive in the air, and the investigators recognized the possibility that Carson might have swung his ship into a fatal fall because he believed a mid-air crash was imminent.

The piston-driven plane was not equipped with the all but indestructible flight recorder, which indicates every yaw, pitch and twitch of the controls on U.S. jet airliners, and which probably would bear evidence of the cause of such an accident. No matter what the ocean bottom yields, the cause of Flight 663's plunge to the sea will not be known for weeks—if ever.

REPUBLICANS

The Ripon Report

Of all the agonizing Republican reappraisals of the 1964 elections, by far the best documented and most out spoken is that of the Ripon Society, a group of some 80 young G.O.P. intellectuals, mostly from academic circles who aspire, as one leader describes it, "to be a link between the ivory-tower group and the people ringing doorbells." In a recently issued report, the society said that the Republican presidential campaign was "one of the dull est, emptiest, lowest-level campaigns in the history of American presidential politics. The whole cast of the Republican effort was too often amateurish almost never profound, occasionally tasteless, and almost always ineffective."

A Small Cabal. The Ripon Society, founded in Cambridge, Mass., on December 12, 1962, is named after the Wisconsin city where the Republican Party was founded to oppose the spread of slavery." The society's president is

The new party was named at a meeting of the Wisconsin Republican Association at the Ripon College campus on March 20, 1854. They assembled on a cold night, held their discussion by the light of tallow candles. "We went into the little meeting Whigs, Free Soilers and Democrats," one of their leaders, Alan L. Bova, later recalled. "We came out Republicans."



FLOODLIGHTED SEARCH AREA OFF JONES BEACH
A mitten, shreds of metal, and a mystery—Call It Sleep.

DC-7B—a piston-driven model that Eastern is phasing out—were 79 passengers and a crew of five. Airport control-tower operators routinely told the New York Air Route Traffic Control Center on Long Island that Flight 663 was about to execute a "Dutch Seven Departure," a takeoff pattern designed to avoid New York City by making a series of turns over the Atlantic before the plane headed toward Richmond and points south.

At 6:19 p.m., New York Control said: "All right, a three miles north of Dutch is Clippier [Pan American Flight] 212 descending to 4,000." A minute later, the Eastern aircraft piloted by Captain Frederick R. Carson 41, rose over the ocean. "How does he shape up with that boy coming in—the guy at his 1 o'clock position?" asked New York Control. "We're above him," said the radar operator at the airport. Actually Flight 663 was well below Pan American's 212 at the time—but traffic controllers corrected their error almost instantly. Shortly after 6:25 p.m., Eastern's Carson radioed that he was

came the first word of disaster: "It looked like he's in the Bay then, because we saw him. He looked like he winged over to miss us and we tried to avoid him, and we saw a bright flash about one minute later. He was well over the top of us, and it looked like he went into an absolute vertical turn and kept rolling." Almost immediately, Air Canada Flight 627, which had taken off minutes before the Eastern flight, was on the air: "There's a big fire going out on the water here about our 2 o'clock position right now. I don't know what it is. It looked like a big explosion."

The Eastern plane had plunged toward the ocean eight miles off Jones Beach. It blew up in an orange ball of fire at water level, went to the bottom 25 ft. below. At Kennedy Airport the radar operators sounded the alarm the instant they realized that the blip representing Flight 663 had disappeared from their screens.

The Flotsam. Fifteen ships plowed through calm, moonlit seas near the crash scene, and soon eleven helicopters skimmed low over the surface

John Saloma III, 30, an assistant professor of political science at M.I.T., who, along with Harvard Law Student Thomas Petri, 24, headed the group that put the report into final form.

Predictably, the report lays most of the blame for the losing campaign on Candidates Barry Goldwater and William Miller, who "shifted emphasis erratically from day to day, achieving little continuity and no momentum. Issues were selected and articulated at the very times and places where they would do the ticket the most harm." Goldwater "read his speeches stoically and unenthusiastically. His rhetoric confused the debate and left him terribly vulnerable to charges of name-calling, smearing and carelessness." Moreover, says the report, the "Goldwater leadership clique" exercised "an oppressive exclusiveness that put loyalty to a small cabal ahead of loyalty to the Republican Party."

Beyond such general failures, the report says, the campaign was based on the "implicit racist appeal of the Southern strategy. The Senator's objections to legislating morality, his criticism of the Supreme Court, his advocacy of states' rights, all became the shorthand for an anti-civil rights appeal. An uglier aspect of the appeal was the not very subtle attempt to link lawlessness in the streets with the Negroes, and street riots with peaceful civil rights demonstrations."

The Conscience Vote. This strategy badly backfired as "the Negroes of America waited in long, silent lines on Nov. 3 to register one of the greatest protest votes ever recorded." It also led to the loss of the "conscience vote of many Northern white Republicans who were repelled."

Johnson carried six Southern states to Goldwater's five, picked up 81 Southern electoral votes to Goldwater's 47. The report contends that it was the Negro vote that gave Johnson four of those states (Arkansas, Florida, Ten-

nessee and Virginia). In large Southern cities, such as Atlanta, Charlotte, Richmond, Orlando and Houston, Goldwater did not run as well as had Eisenhower in 1956 and Nixon in 1960.

Nationwide, only 6% of the Negro vote went Republican, compared to roughly one-third in both 1956 and 1960. In Ohio the Negro vote dropped from 29% for Nixon to 2% for Goldwater—accounting for the defeat of Robert Taft Jr. in his senatorial campaign. At the same time, the Northern white backlash did not develop: Goldwater failed to carry a single county in Maryland, Indiana and Wisconsin, where Alabama's Governor George Wallace had run strongly in presidential primaries.

Both Old & Young. The report contends that the election "was genuinely dominated by issues rather than by social stratification or by personality," cites "nuclear responsibility" and "social welfare legislation" as the decisive issues in addition to civil rights. "Goldwater's positions on national issues, clearly documented in his past statements and publications, proved to be an insurmountable obstacle to his campaign ever getting off the ground."

Goldwater lost both old and young. His position on social security and Medicare, the report says, led to a 13% defection of Republican voters among persons over 50 years old—the G.O.P.'s biggest age-group loss. Even more hurtful to the Republican future was the fact that Goldwater's campaign "alienated most young people" and made the party "an object of ridicule" in their eyes.

SPACE

Here Comes Gemini

The U.S. has not sent a man into space since May 1963—when Astronaut Leroy Gordon Cooper stayed in orbit for 34 hr. 20 min. Cooper's flight signaled the end of the Mercury program and the start of the Gemini series of earth orbits in a two-man capsule. Gemini fell two years behind schedule because of technical problems and congressional heel-dragging on appropriations. This year the spacemen hope to make up for lost time: a three-orbit trip is scheduled for April, a four-day attempt for this summer, and if all goes well, there will be a week-long spin in space this fall.

Stepping Out. That seven-day trip, the National Aeronautics and Space Administration announced last week, will be manned by "Gordo" Cooper, 37, and Astronaut Charles Conrad Jr., 34, a Navy pilot who learned his aeronautical engineering at Princeton. The Cooper-Conrad flight will be the most critical one of the Gemini program, since a round trip to the moon, as envisioned in the Project Apollo series, will also last about seven days, and NASA officials want to be able to study the effects of such a long period of weightlessness on humans. Plans also call for



NASA'S CONRAD & COOPER

A seven-day spin in the new '65 model.

the men to release a "pod" with a flashing light, and to practice maneuvering their craft around the pod to get the hang of making a rendezvous with another space vehicle. While in orbit, the astronauts are expected to open a hatch and lean out into space; one of them may actually step out altogether.

The space capsule, of course, has been redesigned. Its outside dimensions are only slightly larger than Mercury's, but room has been made inside for a second man. New equipment includes instruments for coupling with another craft in space, radar control and ejection seats.

New Cast. The cast of characters is different too. Gone from the space program is Colonel Shorty Powers, the public affairs officer whose calm voice reported the Mercury events to millions of TV watchers and radio listeners; he has been replaced by a civilian, ex-News-paperman (Washington Evening Star) Paul Haney. Mercury Director Walter Williams has resigned to become vice president of an aerospace consultant firm; his job has yet to be filled.

All told, there are now 28 spacemen. Of the original seven Mercury astronauts, only two besides Cooper remain as active participants: Virgil Grissom will command the first of the Gemini flights, and Walter Schirra Jr. will lead the stand-by crew. Donald ("Deke") Slayton, who resigned his Air Force commission in 1963 after doctors discovered a heart murmur, is now assistant director of the Manned Spacecraft Center at Houston, in charge of crew operations. Marine Lieut. Colonel John Glenn made an abortive try at politics, later retired from the Marine Corps, is now a director of a soft-drink company. Alan Shepherd was grounded 11 years ago as a result of an infection of the inner ear, now serves as a coordinator of astronaut activities. And Scott Carpenter has been detached for service with the Navy's Project Sealab, an experiment in living under water.



RIPON'S SALOMA & PETRI

An ivory-tower post-mortem on '64.

THE WORLD

COMMUNISTS

Aleksei on the Spot

When U.S. jets began hitting North Viet Nam last week, the most surprised Communist of all was probably Soviet Premier Aleksei Kosygin. There he sat in Hanoi, exchanging pleasantries with North Viet Nam's Ho Chi Minh and chatting desultorily about possible Soviet military aid. Then—bang!—bombs were falling only 250 miles away. Aleksei was on the spot, and his position brought into sharp focus the whole question of Communist-bloc relations.

Could Moscow possibly back away from the Khrushchevian line of "peaceful coexistence" and espouse the militant "permanent war" cause of Peking? Could any Russian really be tempted to join an Asian fight—particularly when his Asian rival was encroaching on his own borders? Kosygin was in an embarrassing situation, and he had to salvage what he could. Skidding along a slippery slope but determined to keep the Soviet Union from plunging over the precipice, the Soviet leader slid stolidly forth.

Hastily concluding an "appropriate agreement" to send arms to Hanoi's Ho, Kosygin flew off in his official plane to Peking, where he was greeted at the airport by seven flower girls, eight anti-aircraft guns, and Red Chinese Premier Chou En-lai. To top that, Party Boss Mao Tse-tung, who hadn't spoken to a Soviet leader since 1959, was waiting in the sprawling Congress Palace. During a 21-hour secret session, Kosygin and Mao no doubt talked defense. The New China News Agency even published a photo of them that showed seriousness and mutual dislike in pro-

portions not witnessed since Dempsey faced Tunney.

Kim's Red Carpet. Though Kosygin had planned to fly home directly from Peking, he suddenly changed his plans and headed for North Korea—a place no Soviet Premier had ever visited before. Despite the short notice, North Korea's Boss Kim Il Sung rolled out the Red carpet for his unexpected guest: frenzied crowds waving Soviet flags roared "Mansei! [May you live 10,000 years]" as Kosygin arrived at Pyongyang airport. Kim, a Peking-lining Stalinist who only a month ago rudely rejected an invitation to Moscow, embraced Aleksei warmly. "We consider amity and unity between our two nations most valuable," he said. Of course: since Russia brusquely decided to cut back Kim Il Sung's supply of jet fuel and spare parts, North Korea's 800 MIG fighters and the nation's handful of jet bombers have been flying under rugged conditions indeed.

Kosygin did not openly promise aid, but he hit the unity theme while agreeing with Kim that "imperialist provocations" had brought all Communists closer together, added pointedly that Asian Communists are "unanimous in their desire to support the heroic peoples of Viet Nam." As if to tell the West that Kosygin meant business, Moscow put out rumors that Russia was "angry and worried" over the U.S. moves in Viet Nam and even raised the possibility that Moscow might send Soviet pilots to fly the jets it was giving to Hanoi.

The Rents Remain. At week's end it appeared that Kosygin's peregrinations—improvising as they were—had paid off with a tenuous, temporary and su-

perfluous unity within the Communist world. But they did little to serve Moscow's cause in the basic ideological feud with Peking. Neither North Viet Nam's Ho nor North Korea's Kim showed any sign of wanting to attend the March "unity" conference in Moscow, and Mao, for all his seeming cooperation, almost certainly remained opposed to the new Soviet leaders' ideology.

However, Moscow and Peking appeared to see eye to eye on the need for increased military aid to North Viet Nam and probably North Korea as well. In any case, it seemed certain that the deep rents in the Communist monolith were not being welded shut in the passionate heat of the moment. As one analyst put it: "When the smoke and the smiles have faded, I think we will find the Chinese and the Soviets right where they were before—at each other's political throats."

RED CHINA

Their Weapon

The harsh, warlike noises out of Peking last week were quite clearly intended to evoke American memories of the day when the Chinese Communists poured across the Yalu River in 1950. "You have been taught a lesson on this score in the Korean war!" cried Radio Peking in an unusual broadcast in English beamed to the U.S. "Do you want the lesson repeated in Indo-China?"

Aged Air Force. If Red China were to follow its words with action, the weapon it would employ would be its infantrymen—some 2,500,000. The Chinese, of course, have nothing to match the U.S. preponderance in naval and air power. China's biggest warship is an aged cruiser, now anchored in Shanghai Harbor as a training ship. In numbers of planes—2,900—Red China boasts the world's third largest air force, but it would not last long in combat, since the planes are largely Russian cast-offs, and the air arm is handicapped by shortages of fuel and spare parts. As for nuclear potential, the Communists exploded a crude device last fall, and may be ready to try another test blast. But a sophisticated weapon—and the means of delivering it—is years away.

The best estimates indicate that China has 35 field armies, each numbering four divisions, or 40,000 men. The Chinese infantryman is armed with a stamped burp gun of a simple type that has a fast rate of fire but an exceedingly bad reputation for accuracy. He is most often a conscript and is carefully chosen.

The Mobile Colossus. As China's armed forces are now disposed, the heaviest concentration—roughly six armies—is opposite Formosa. Four armies



KOSYGIN WITH KIM IL SUNG & AIDE IN PYONGYANG
In Peking, seven girls, eight guns and a chilly Chou.



are positioned along the North Korean border and another five spread west through Manchuria and Inner Mongolia. Three armies hold rebellious Tibet, and those massed in south China total seven—one guards vulnerable Hainan Island, another is stationed in mountainous Yunnan province, and three are lined up along the North Vietnamese border. Two other armies are in reserve near Canton.

Army morale is believed high. Over a four-year period, only seven or eight Red soldiers have defected along the enormous border running from Hong Kong to Pakistan. In recent years, more recruits have come from the cities than the rural areas because urban youths are more literate and thus better able to handle trucks, switchboards, radar, and all the other devices necessary to even a semi-modern army. This represents a calculated risk, since city youth are not so docile or amenable to discipline as farm boys are. Behind the front-line troops, China has around 12 million militiamen, some of whom are retired combat soldiers with training and experience. Others are soldiers who have done a tour of duty, then have gone back to homes or factories. Since about 500,000 men are demobilized yearly, there is always a good supply for militia duty.

When the Viet Minh were waging their bloody battle against the French, Red China constructed a road and rail network into North Viet Nam. Since then, blue-clad Chinese laborers have been hard at work on roads linking Yunnan and Laos. With the aid of these routes, the Red Chinese colossus is believed mobile enough to move twelve divisions—about 120,000 men—from China to Hanoi in a month's time.

YUGOSLAVIA

Et Tu, Tito?

It has been known for years that both Lenin and Stalin operated concentration camps long before Hitler, but the fact has been strictly taboo in the Communist press. Only Westerners have "distorted" the Soviet image by bringing the matter up. Last week, however, the skeleton in Moscow's closet was being loudly rattled not by any Western capitalist, but by a comrade in a supposedly fraternal country.

In an article in the Belgrade literary monthly *Delo*, Dr. Mihajlo Mihajlov, a Yugoslav professor and translator of Russian literature, boldly reported that the first Russian camp was set up in 1921 near the Arctic port of Archangel, and sent "to death thousands of members of different revolutionary parties opposing the Soviets." Estimating that possibly 12 million Russians passed through Stalin's concentration camps, Mihajlov recalled: "Stalin's genocide is much older than that of Hitler."

Mihajlov, who gleaned his facts from documents and interviews during a two-month stay in the Soviet Union last summer, was surprised to find Russians reminiscing openly about the camps. He reported that "concentration camp songs" have become a kind of Russian folk music, and are recklessly sung by Soviet youth despite the regime's obvious disapproval.

The Yugoslav's article, called "Moscow Summer," contained other acid observations of the Russian scene. The waiters in restaurants were surly, Mihajlov complained, adding that crime is so prevalent that it is dangerous to walk alone on out-of-the-way streets. At a hotel he was "rudely" told that there

were no rooms—until he showed his passport. Then he received an instant apology: "We did not know you were a foreigner. We thought you were a Russian."

Was Tito tweaking the bear's nose by allowing such facts to be published? He probably had no advance knowledge of the article. The Russian embassy carried its indignant reaction to the government anyway. With that, Tito's regime, anxious that cold water not be dashed on its currently warmer relations with Moscow, banned the offending issue. And Yugoslavia's party organ, *Kommunist*, blossomed with appropriate expressions of shock, denouncing Author Mihajlov for "misuse" of Russian hospitality and *Delo's* editors for lack of "good taste."

UNITED NATIONS

Embarrassed & Embittered

The current session of the General Assembly has been the least productive of any in the U.N.'s 19 years. Not only did the Assembly meet 2½ months late, but once it had gotten together, it could not adopt an agenda, it could not begin debate on its budget, and even the filling of such *recherche* posts as the secretary-generalship of UNCTAD (United Nations Conference on Trade and Development) required bizarre behind-the-scenes maneuvering. Last week the Assembly's 114 delegates found themselves stealthily marking unofficial secret ballots in a tiny alcove off the vast Assembly Hall to decide whether Gabon or Guinea would fill the final seat of ECOSOC (the six-member Economic and Social Council).

The problem, of course, is the "payments crisis." Russia, France and eleven other U.N. members refuse to ante up for U.N. peace-keeping operations in the Congo and the Middle East. The U.S., which originally hoped to embarrass the recalcitrants by invoking Article 19,* is now reluctant to force a confrontation for fear it might wreck the entire organization. If any Assembly item came to a vote, the U.S. would feel compelled on principle to invoke Article 19 against Russia, France and the others. Hence the Assembly could not risk a formal vote on anything.

Last week, as the U.N. painfully struggled through another week of non-confrontation, many delegates were looking forward to the lengthy recess promised by Assembly President Alex Quaison-Sackey of Ghana, during which—hopefully—the payments crisis would be resolved and a new peace-keeping formula devised. Still, amid warnings from within and without that they may be attending the funeral of the U.N., many embarrassed and embittered delegates were calling the organization by a new name: "Procrasti-Nations."

* Which states that any member more than two years in arrears on assessments shall be deprived of an Assembly vote.

WEST GERMANY

Caving In

In Munich last week, a handful of German students gathered to hear a lecture on the "New Drama in Egypt." Instead of talking about drama, however, Egyptian Director-Actor Abbas Antar created it by dousing himself with gasoline, igniting himself with a match and screaming, "I am demonstrating for Nasser!"

As his fiery follower lay in a hospital bed last week, Gamal Abdel Nasser scored one of his greatest diplomatic victories by playing it cool. It began with an invitation to East Germany's Red Boss Walter Ulbricht to pay a six-day "friendship visit" to Cairo, beginning Feb. 26. Bonn's reaction was one

ten. Out came plans to tweak Bonn's nose by accepting the long-standing East German wish to pay a visit to Cairo. At first the West Germans spoke indignantly of breaking relations with Cairo and suspending financial aid. Nasser was unimpressed. He summoned German Ambassador Georg Federer, called the Israeli arms deal "most degrading" and "disgusting," and declared: "We have received no aid from West Germany. You have taken part in some industrial projects, and we pay their costs in full. We have already repaid the larger part at 6% interest. Do you call this aid?"

Future Blackmail. Last week Nasser threatened not only to receive Ulbricht but to give East Germany formal diplomatic recognition as well. It was soon

SWITZERLAND

Everybody Go Home!

Except for its dollars, pounds and francs, the rest of the world has never really been good enough for the Swiss, who for 300 years have looked down their Alpine noses at the other people on earth. Until now, the foreign civil servants at Geneva's Palais des Nations, the businessmen taking tax shelter in Zurich and Zug, and the hordes of common laborers from Italy and Spain have been grudgingly tolerated. No more. With 15% of the nation's 5.9 million people holding foreign passports, the sensitive Swiss have suddenly come down with an acute case of xenophobia.

"*Überfremdung* [foreign saturation] is treason to our youth and the heritage of our forebears," rants a pamphlet trying to drum up a national referendum to oust the *Ausländer*. A secret organization that calls itself the Delta Group has threatened "subversive action with methods borrowed from the Fascists" to rid Switzerland of "undesirable foreign elements." Last week Genevois were being exhorted to vote against a "monstrous" city-council housing project for the personnel at the old League of Nations building, which "would lead to unbridled proliferation of foreign functionaries and their privileges."

Rome's Mercy. Everything from late trains to overloaded telephone lines is blamed on the foreigners. A Swiss housewife who returns a faulty appliance is likely to be told: "Madame, 'Made in Switzerland' no longer means it's made by Swiss." However snide, the comment is correct: 38% of Swiss industrial labor is now foreign, and it soars to 85% in the Swiss construction industry, 90% in the canning factories. Advertisements of rooms for rent often assert "Swiss only"—or, more precisely, "No Mediterraneans."

The result has been that foreign workers, whose families are often back home in the Mezzogiorno or Andalusia, are jammed into old army barracks or cheap rooms, sometimes even sleep in unfinished apartments on their construction jobs. Unable to integrate with Swiss life, they have their own ghettos, complete with *trattorie* and Italian movie houses. Swiss industry shudders at what would happen if their countries were to recall the workers abruptly. "Our economic life is at the mercy of Rome and Madrid," moans one official.

Last week Bern decreed that at least 10% of all foreign residents must evacuate Switzerland by the middle of next year. Moreover, the annual quota of seasonal migrant workers was cut from 206,000 to 145,000. Not only the poorer Mediterraneans are affected; some 30 wealthy foreign inhabitants in Geneva's lakeside-villa set have been given six months' notice because they are not "economically useful," though po-



ALIGHT 1



ABLAZE 1



ALAS 1

The Israelis also burned.

of noisy panic at this threat to the Hallstein Doctrine, which decrees that any nation giving diplomatic recognition to East Germany must forfeit its ties with West Germany.

Forgotten Experts. Chancellor Ludwig Erhard called a Cabinet meeting to discuss Nasser's possible motives for flouting Bonn. They were already well known and centered on a 1960 meeting at Manhattan's Waldorf-Astoria between then Chancellor Konrad Adenauer and Israel's then Premier David Ben-Gurion. Adenauer, always sensitive about Germany's former crimes against the Jews, arranged to hand over \$70 million worth of military equipment to Israel, with the approval—and possibly the urging—of Washington. The operation was so secret that Bonn's Foreign Ministry only discovered it by accident late last year.

By then Nasser had also got word of the deal. Suddenly all the West German loans for Nasser's five-year plan and all the West German experts working on his rocket program were forgot-

clear to Bonn's ambassadors in the Middle East that many other Arab states would follow Cairo's lead. With that, Bonn quickly backed down. An appeal for help went out to Spain for a mediator who could camouflage the defeat. Generalissimo Franco agreed to send his top troubleshooter, the Marqués de Nerva, to Cairo. He swiftly reached accord with Nasser. West Germany promised an immediate cessation of arms shipments to Israel and an end to training of Israeli army officers. In return, Nasser promised only that he would not recognize East Germany "in the near future."

Though it had already received 80% of the arms delivery, Israel reacted angrily to Bonn's move, and Israeli newspapers charged that Bonn was letting itself in for more blackmail in the future. West Germany tried to assuage Israel by proposing some purely non-military agreements on such projects as desalinization of sea water. But no amount of soft soap could wash out Egypt's victory.

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...why no Scotch, Bourbon, Canadian, Rye, Irish, or any other kind
of whiskey—no brand at any price—has even one third the popularity
of 7 Crown in America. So, Say Seagram's and be Sure.





Chevelle Malibu Super Sport by Chevrolet

Touch the accelerator to Chevelle's 350-hp V8 engine and you'll probably say Grrrrrr8, too. Read what Chevelle has over other cars its size and you may even say Grrrrrr8 Scott!

Let's begin on the premise that you're looking for value in the next automobile you buy.

The '65 Chevelle Super Sport has a Full Coil suspension. Foam-cushioned front and rear seats. Curved side windows. Air-washed rocker panels. Four protective inner fenders. Self-adjusting brakes with bonded linings. And a nine-step acrylic lacquer finish.

No other car of its size, no matter how much more it may cost, offers

more. In fact, there're a couple of cars at Chevelle's price that don't even come close.

Then there's room

Other cars boast of five- and six-passenger roominess. But are they as wide overall as Chevelle? Do they have curved side windows for more shoulder room? Are they backed by a huge 27.3-cubic-foot trunk?

Nice thing about Chevelle—those

same passengers don't have to be skinny, or have a pair of toothpick shoulders. And they can own the chunkiest set of luggage in town.

What surrounds room

The inside of a Malibu Super Sport is a world of rich vinyls and thick door-to-door carpeting. There's an electric clock with a sweep second hand. An ammeter. Even the steering wheel and seat belts are color-keyed.

Malibu Super Sport Coupe—Grrrrrr8 Scott!



...GRRRRRRR8

To this you may add things like Four-Season air conditioning and AM-FM Stereo radio—the accessory list is a long one.

Ride

Much of Chevelle's youthful appeal springs up from its ride. And it should. That ride is patterned after cars costing far more.

With 10 feet of coil spring at each wheel, a hefty perimeter frame, and

hundreds of tiny shock and sound absorbers, every street is easy street in a '65 Chevelle.

And finally, Grrrrrr8 itself

Grrrrrr8 is Chevelle's answer to those who say you can't have all that good cake and power too. It comes in the form of four V8's. The standard 195-hp. The 250- and 300-hp jobs you may order. And finally, the 327-cubic-inch Turbo-Fire 350-hp.

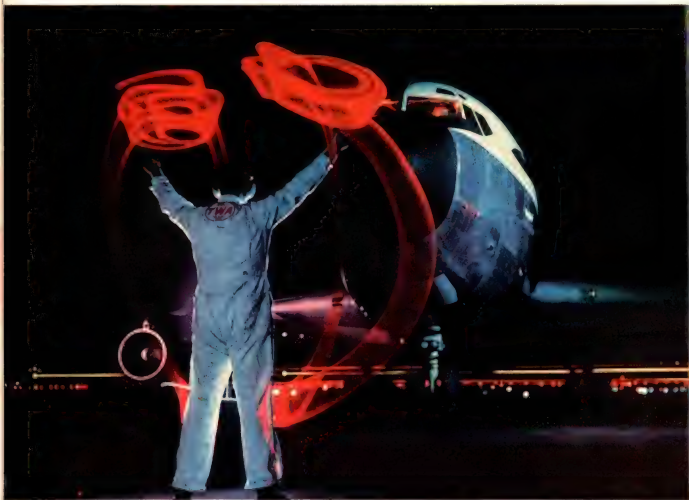
But enough talk. Drive a youthful, sporty, roomy, powerful, easy-to-handle, easy-to-keep-up, more-for-your-money Chevelle today.

Bet you come back a little wiser. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.





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You can believe in a TWA timetable, because we do.

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need a quick answer, TWA people are right there with the right one. You take off when we said you would. If head winds try to slow you down, TWA has the power and the pilots to make them behave. And after touchdown, there's one extra point.

Your baggage gets to the terminal when you do.

You're on time because we run our airline by the numbers—a timetable you can count on.

Nationwide
Worldwide
depend on



lice have carefully left alone celebrities like Charlie Chaplin so far.

The Dirty Work. Many responsible Swiss and most of the nation's press deplore the new inhospitality. "Telling Europeans to go back to Europe is the best proof that we are still living in the world of the past," says one Geneva businessman ruefully. The *Gazette de Lausanne* pointed out that the foreigners are in Switzerland in large part because the Swiss want somebody else to do the "servile or dirty work, and prefer white-collar and clean-hand jobs," and, if the foreigners are expelled, the Swiss will be the first to suffer. Syndicalisme blasted the ousters as "Helvetic Gold-waterism."

Despite such calls for moderation, the government feels compelled to go at least part way with the nation's rising tide of intolerance. "We must be able to show results to the nation this summer," says Immigration Chief Dr. Elmar Mäder, "or things might get out of control."

TURKEY

Ghost on the Go

Since the 1960 overthrow and hanging of Strongman Adnan Menderes, Turkish politics has basically consisted of a feud between army-backed Premier Ismet İnönü and the opposition Justice Party formed by Menderes' resurgent followers. In municipal elections 15 months ago, the Justice Party won a startling 46% of the vote. Last week Menderes' ghost was on the go again.

The occasion this time was the presentation of İnönü's 1965 budget, totaling a record \$1.6 billion. Though nobody actually had much against the budget, J.P. Leader Suleyman Demirel, 41, a wealthy, U.S.-trained civil engineer, mounted an assault on it to discredit İnönü. The Premier was vulnerable: backed solidly by only 192 members of the 450-seat National Assembly, İnönü ruled with the aid of a mere

handful of independents. When the vote came last week, the Justice Party, which has 171 Assembly seats, had rounded up enough support from three smaller opposition parties to override İnönü's forces. The budget was rejected 225 to 195, and İnönü promptly resigned.

Whether he would stay resigned was a question: İnönü quit once before, in 1963, only to accept reappointment by President Cemal Gürsel. Whatever the case, Turkey seemed a step closer to a showdown between the nation's feuding factions.

İnönü, the doughty octogenarian who fought under Atatürk, has survived one assassination attempt and two coups but has failed to halt the Justice Party, which has capitalized on Menderes' undeniable popularity. Tensions have increased in anticipation of the election scheduled for this year—which many think the Justice Party will win. Showing signs of desperation, İnönü's government has resorted to anti-American tactics with an electorate convinced that Washington let Turkey down in the Cyprus dispute. At the same time, Turkey—long known as one of the West's staunchest allies—has begun flirting with Russia. Turkey and Russia have signed a cultural agreement, denounced by the Justice Party as a "document of treason," and last month Ankara warmly received a Soviet parliamentary delegation.

But as usual the last word on whether the Justice Party wins power lies with the military, which threw out Menderes.

GREAT BRITAIN

Hear! Hear!

After watching emerging nations make a shambles of parliamentary democracy, sympathetic observers often point out that it took Britain's mother of parliaments some 700 years to achieve its civilized way of functioning. Perhaps they should take another look. In the House of Commons last week, lawmakers were behaving more like a Saturday-afternoon soccer crowd than Honorable Members.

Historically, the House has been a lively cockpit. In 1901, twelve Irish M.P.s were hauled from their seats by police when other efforts to eject them failed. In an attempt to make debate more seemly, Speakers of the past have banned "grossly insulting language" and the use of such words as villain, hypocrite, murderer, insulting dog, swine, Pecksniffian cant, cheat, stoopidpigeon and bastard. In the 1880s, one Charles Bradlaugh was refused his seat because he was an avowed atheist. When Bradlaugh tried to take it anyway, he battled ten Bobbies to a draw until he fainted from his exertions.

Banged Ear. In recent years, Tory Leo Amery crossed the floor to slap the face of Laborite George Buchanan; Labor's Emmanuel Shinwell, outraged at a reference to his Polish ancestry, punched Tory Commander Robert Bowyer (once an amateur boxing champion) and damaged his cardrum. Con-



BRADLAUGH & BOBBIES

After 700 years, a misbehaving mother.

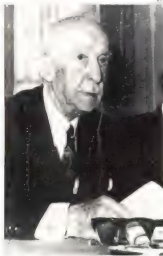
servative Ronald McNeil obtained a sort of immortality by throwing a book at Winston Churchill; he missed.

Britons of both major parties have been disturbed by the current rowdiness and inanity. Last November, on the occasion of his maiden speech as Prime Minister, Harold Wilson was howled down by offended Tories. A fortnight ago, both Wilson and Opposition Leader Sir Alec Douglas-Home could scarcely speak above the din. Members on both sides bawled "Shut up!" and "Withdraw!" at each other. Documents are waved, fists shaken, and at times several members are on their feet simultaneously, shouting repetitious points of order whose only purpose seems obstruction.

Tossed Paper. Last week the House was at it again. On the Tory side, former Defense Minister Peter Thorneycroft charged Labor with bad faith and suggested that it would soon cancel the TSR2 plane contract with British firms and buy U.S. planes instead. Thorneycroft read an account from the *Daily Express* in which Wilson, in an election speech, reportedly told aircraft workers that the TSR2 would not be abandoned, and that their jobs were safe.

Wilson had been lounging back with his feet on the table. He leaped up and demanded that Thorneycroft read what was printed lower down the page—namely, the words he had actually used, which merely said that Labor would treat the TSR2 exactly as had the old Tory government. As Wilson repeatedly heckled him, Thorneycroft flung the paper across at the Prime Minister. Wilson threw it back, shouting "Since the *Daily Express* had the honesty, will you have it now and read those words?" Thorneycroft petulantly tossed the paper back, crying "You find it, you read it!" Wilson's riposte was: "Since you cannot read, I will do it for you." Having done so, Wilson once more hurled the paper at Thorneycroft and strode from the chamber.

Most Britons see a kind of charm in



EX-PREMIER İNÖNÜ

After 80 years, signs of desperation.

such raucous give-and-take, but some are beginning to find it a bit too much. The Guardian has called for televising Commons debates in the hope that it "would make some of the bores and exhibitionists think twice," and the Sun last week joined in, arguing that TV "could end the bellowing fatuity of some M.P.s."

THE CONGO

Moise's Black Magic

The unofficial campaign symbol of Moise Tshombe's new Conaco Party is a smooth, black 550 attaché case. He brought it back from Brussels with him last week, waved it triumphantly to the

ing less than ten days of negotiations—first with businessmen at Brussels' Château de Val-Duchesse, later with Foreign Minister Paul-Henri Spaak—Tshombe had resolved a 4½-year-old wrangle between Belgium and its former colony, which had come to be known as "le contentieux."

It all dates back to the period before Congolese independence in 1960, when the colonial government had owned stock in most of the Belgian companies working in the Congo. The new Congolese regime promptly laid claim to the portfolio, but could not get together with the Belgians on terms. Premiers Patrice Lumumba and Cyrille Adoula proved unable to resolve the "content-

speaking mercenaries led by Major Siegfried Müller, an ex-Wehrmacht sergeant who wears a German Iron Cross, was neatly ambushed at Bafwasende by Simbas, who used an electrically detonated gasoline bomb in the middle of a jungle track. A third of the column's 40 vehicles was destroyed, three mercenaries and eight Congolese soldiers were killed, and the column remained pinned down for five days. Clearly the Simbas are better armed and trained than ever before. It will take more than a black attaché case to stop them.

GHANA

Double & Deadly Jeopardy

Bequeathed by the British, Ghana's judicial system displays all the solemn trappings of the Old Bailey, complete with decorous courtrooms and gowned-and-wigged judges. Far higher than the law of the land is *Owugye* (Redeemer) and President Kwame Nkrumah.

Following an unsuccessful grenade attempt on Nkrumah's life in 1962, five men were charged with treason, among them three of the Redeemer's closest associates—Information Minister Tawia Adamafio, Foreign Minister Ako Adjei, and Hugh Horatio Coffie-Crabbe, executive secretary of Nkrumah's Convention People's Party. Tried before Ghana's highest judge, the quintet got a split verdict: two defendants—an Opposition M.P. and a former civil servant—were convicted, but Adamafio, Adjei and Coffie-Crabbe were acquitted.

This would never do. Summarily, Nkrumah fired the chief justice who had presided, declared the verdict void and ordered the five retried. With a new, and presumably wiser, judge on the bench, the retrial was held at Christiansborg Castle, the massive, 300-year-old redoubt that the Redeemer sometimes uses as executive headquarters. This time none of the five had a lawyer—perhaps understandable in view of the fact that the chief counsel for Adamafio and Adjei during the first trial had himself since been jailed. At one point Adamafio announced with resignation that he had thought over the "unfairness and injustice of this retrial," and decided that "I must go and die."

How right he was. The twelve-man "jury," drawn chiefly from members of Nkrumah's Ideological Institute, needed only 50 minutes last week to find all five defendants guilty and deserving of death.

Not all of Nkrumah's opponents are subjected to courtroom complexities. The regime announced that Dr. Joseph Danquah, 69, the distinguished scholar and early nationalist leader who ran against Nkrumah in the 1960 presidential election, had died in a detention camp. A heart attack, an official spokesman blandly explained, but in nearby Nigeria the newspapers were full of allegations of death by torture. Snapped Nigeria's President Nnamdi Azikiwe, an old friend of Danquah: "If independ-



TSHOMBE & ATTACHÉ CASE IN LEOPOLDVILLE
From Brussels, with boodle and bluff.

cheering crowds that lined his two-hour parade route from Ndjili Airport into the capital, displayed it shyly before whirling cameras and popping flashbulbs at his official residence, and probably took it to bed with him that night. The fuss over the attaché case was well-warranted. It contained that most powerful of Congolese magic: money, and the promise of more money to come.

In the little black bag were agreements granting the Congolese government major stockholder participation in 76 Belgian companies (ranging from the giant Union Minière du Haut-Katanga through Sabena Airlines to the Leopoldville City Bus Co.). It also contained a dividend check for \$1,840,000 from the all-pervasive Belgian holding company, Société Générale—the first, Tshombe hoped, of many to come. "From this day," Tshombe proclaimed, "the Congo can call itself politically and economically independent."

Le Contentieux. That was an overstatement, but no one could deny that the Congo's shrewd, hard-bargaining Premier had won a major victory. Dur-

tion." Moise, however, is an old hand at bargaining. Last December he set the tone for talks by blithely announcing that his government planned to take over all mining, forestry and transportation concessions in the Congo. The stunned Belgians realized that at last they were going to have to reach a settlement. Last week, as Tshombe backed away from the takeover bluff and committed his government to repay a major part of its debts to Belgium, the Belgian negotiators signed over control of the stock—worth \$300 million or more.

A Bloodier Contentieux. Settlement of *le contentieux* meant more than mere money to Tshombe; it doubtless would improve his political survivability as well. With Congo-wide elections promised during the next few months, Moise and his magic black attaché case are certainly the front runners.

It seemed doubtful that elections could take place until the nation's northeast was rid of the barbarous rebels who continued to plague the government last week. A column of French-

ence means the substitution of indigenous tyranny for alien rule, then those who struggled for independence have not only desecrated the cause of freedom but have betrayed their peoples."

INDIA

The Force of Words

India's Prime Minister Lal Bahadur Shastri last week was at the center of a linguistic whirlwind. The storm began to blow when a parliamentary decree was enacted making Hindi the nation's official language. What bothered millions of non-Hindi-speaking Indians was the fear that they would lose out to the Hindi speakers in government jobs and promotions.

In Tamil-speaking Madras state, where five people have burned themselves to death in protest, a mob captured two policemen and burned them alive. In Malayalam-speaking Kerala state, mobs attacked post offices and trains, and students signed pledges of resistance to the "imposition of Hindi," using their own blood as ink. State elections are scheduled for next month in Kerala, and the sudden emergence of the Hindi issue seems likely to hand victory back to the Communists, who ruled Kerala from 1957 to 1959.

At a Cabinet meeting, non-Hindi ministers backed the demand of Food Minister Chidambaram Subramaniam that English also be given statutory recognition as an official language. When they were voted down, Subramaniam and another minister resigned, shaking confidence in Shastri's leadership. As the death toll in the riots rose to 60, Shastri made a nationwide broadcast appealing for law and order. Though he did not promise to restore English to parity with Hindi, he did assure the nation that jobs and opportunities for advancement were in no way endangered by Hindi's becoming the official language.

Next day Madras was quiet, but violence flared in Bengal and the former French colony of Pondicherry. Indira Gandhi, daughter of the late Jawaharlal Nehru, said that Shastri was ready to compromise, and the Law Ministry was reportedly preparing a draft proposal for presentation next week to the chief ministers of India's 16 states. That would not necessarily end Shastri's troubles. Hindi fanatics might well generate an even more violent whirlwind if their dream of language supremacy is shattered.

ITALY

A Matter of Blood

Any normal week brings into focus a number of incidents—always violent, usually passionate, and rarely predictable—in that most cinematic of existences, Life—Italian Style. A few recent examples:

► Tooling toward Rome, a truck driver from the town of Poggibonsi suddenly

realizes he has forgotten his driver's license. *Che male fortuna*, it's in his pants pocket at home. So he whirls the truck around and heads back. When he rings the doorbell, his wife leans out the window. "What's wrong, *mio caro*?" she asks sweetly. "I forgot my license." "Wait, I'll throw it down to you," she chirps. Back on the road to Rome, the truck driver is stopped by the police for a routine check. The driver's license he produces isn't his. Double take, then slow burn. With *carabinieri* in tow, he roars back home, bursts into the bedroom to find his wife in *intimo colloquio* with her lover. While the cops collar the accidentally unlicensed Lothario, the husband picks up his naked wife,

parking problem. But as the judge announces that General Concaro must park his car in his garage and stop using it as a storeroom, Concaro cries: "I protest!" The argument grows in volume: the general draws an automatic pistol. One court official drops, shot twice in the stomach and once in the leg. The court usher charges boldly, then sprawls dead with three methodically aimed bullets in him. The judge intervenes, only to slump in his robes, critically wounded by four slugs. Finally a policeman slips behind the general, cuts him down with a burst from his submachine gun. Dying on the courtroom floor, General Concaro gasps: "I shot as a protest against bureaucracy. I



SNOWBALLING SEMINARIANS IN ST. PETER'S SQUARE
Back home to a sizzling signora.

plunks her seat-first on the red-hot kitchen stove. *Pffff!*

► In Sambiasse, a town of 12,000 at the tip of the Italian boot, a chilly wind whispers under the doors. The townspeople stare at each other meaningfully as a lonely dog howls in the hills. Then, with a roar of auto engines and a clatter of hoofbeats, Sambiasse blows wide open. Bullets spray in all directions; a hand grenade booms against the wall of the police station. For 40 minutes the town rocks to gunfire and explosions before the attack recedes. At last police arrive from a nearby town. Is anything wrong? No, say the townspeople, nothing. Can anyone identify any of the raiders? No. Any reason why they should have shot up Sambiasse this way? No. The police write in their report: "Looks like a vendetta of some sort." and, shrugging, return to their headquarters.

► In a courtroom in San Remo, the slim, stiff-spined figure of Brigadier General Alberto Concaro, 74, stands at attention before the bar. It is a simple

am only sorry I fell in such a dishonorable way—shot in the back."

It may be that Somebody Up There felt it was high time to cool off that hot Italian blood, for last week most of Italy was blanketed by its heaviest snowfall since 1796. But in Rome, which caught nine inches, passions only heightened when the army was called in to clear the drifts. Rome's unemployed demanded that the city hire them to do the job. Absolutely not, declared city officials, recalling the nightmare some years ago when gangs of unemployed cleared streets by day, then shoveled snow back onto them at night to keep their jobs alive.

As Romans pelted one another with snowballs, umbrella pines toppled like tenpins under the heavy, wet load. The citizens' reaction showed how long they have been conditioned to the sound of gunfire: with the crackling snap of tree branches echoing through Roman streets, police phones were besieged with hysterical calls of "Assassino!" and "Banditi!"

THE HEMISPHERE

CANADA

Till the Pub Closes

The old politician sat in his party headquarters in Ottawa, glowering furiously as a proposal was presented to the national executive committee suggesting that he step down after eight years as leader of Canada's Conservatives. At last John Diefenbaker, 69, rose to speak. "I will not have it!" he roared. "That is all there is to it!" A few minutes

JOHN DIFENBAKER, CANADA



DIFENBAKER

Too old, too crotchety?

later, his supporters rejected the proposal by a narrow 55-52 vote.

It was the third revolt in two years against Diefenbaker, and each attack has left Canada's Conservatives more deeply divided.

Shifting with the Wind. Canadians know Diefenbaker as a skilled politician, a superb speechmaker and campaigner. Preaching that one-party domination was bad for Canada, the persuasive prairie lawyer led his party to a surprising victory in 1957, breaking 22 years of Liberal rule. Yet in six years as Prime Minister he managed to get himself into a series of unnecessarily bitter squabbles with the U.S. over nuclear defense commitments, failed to fire up Canada's economy, and proved to be an imperious, eccentric administrator whose policies seemed to shift with the wind over Ottawa.

Partly because the party was badly split by an unsuccessful revolt against Diefenbaker's leadership, the Conservatives lost the 1963 election to Lester Pearson's Liberals. Despite his obvious desire to return to office, Diefenbaker has failed to find a popular issue on which to attack Pearson, actually lost prestige through his contentious opposition to Canada's new maple-leaf flag.

The present revolt against him was staged by a group of respected Quebec M.P.s who consider Diefenbaker too old, too crotchety, too out of touch with the country to lead the Conservative Party. What kept him in command was his almost messianic popularity in the western prairie provinces and the lack of a serious challenger. Conservatives in the industrialized eastern provinces would much rather see Manitoba's able Premier Dufferin Roblin or Nova Scotia's Premier Robert Stanfield in charge of the party.

Helping the Liberals? The leadership tangle dismays many Conservatives who could hope to gain in new elections at the expense of Mike Pearson's scandal-smudged Liberal government. This week, as the second session of Parliament reconvenes in Ottawa, Pearson faces questioning about the latest scandal, this one concerning a U.S. operator named Harry Stonehill who was supposedly asked for a payoff by immigration officials when he sought a Canadian residency permit.

Conceivably, the Conservatives could muster enough strength to bring down Pearson's minority government and force an election. But while Pearson has lost support, he has not lost so much among Canada's calm, affluent citizens that they are ready to hurry out and vote for Diefenbaker. Many Conservatives think they would lose an election with the old man, and they are openly muttering that he is all that is keeping the Liberals in office.

Unmoved by such criticism, Diefenbaker declared: "To those of you who suggest I step down, I'm going to call to your minds a statement once made by Winston Churchill, 'I ain't going till the pub closes.'"

BRITISH GUIANA

Repairing the Damage

In three years of Marxist misrule, Cheddi Jagan managed to ruin British Guiana's economy and set the country's East Indian and Negro populations at each other's throats. But Jagan, an East Indian and a former dentist, was defeated in last December's elections, and Forbes Burnham, an anti-Communist Negro, now leads the tiny, self-governing British colony. As of last week, Burnham seemed to be making a fair start toward repairing the damage.

Calling for an end to the racial fighting that killed more than 170 Indians and Negroes in the months before the election, Burnham has formed a coalition Cabinet of many colors. His Cabinet includes Negroes, East Indians and whites—all working to patch up the

A slightly Canadianized version of Sir Winston's "I leave when the pub closes."

country's sugar and bauxite economy. One of Jagan's pet schemes was a mandatory national "savings plan," under which the government automatically deducted 5% from every worker's wages and put the money into a government-run fund. When Jagan left, the treasury did not have enough funds to pay back the \$3,650,000 collected under the plan. Burnham canceled the scheme and offered to pay off the depositors with 7½% government savings certificates that will mature in 9½ years. So far, demands for cash payments have amounted to less than \$100,000.

Foreign investors are suddenly regaining their enthusiasm about British Guiana. In the past month, foreign and domestic companies have snapped up more than \$3,000,000 in government bonds. The Reynolds Metals Co., which operates bauxite mines, is now talking about expanding operations. The British government has pledged \$7,000,000 in development funds, and a U.S. aid team has just finished studying Guianan needs.

In the meantime, Jagan fumes that the elections were an "imperialist plot" to oust him. His People's Party, which still controls 24 of the Assembly's 53 seats, continues to boycott the legislature and threatens renewed violence. In the past few weeks, bands of extremists have been roaming the countryside, derailing trains, cutting telephone wires and setting scattered fires in the sugar-



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"Listened—when the man said that big salaries create very special problems.

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"Listened—when he described an insurance program that was tailor-made for me.

"Listened . . . and acted . . . and bought what he was selling.

"Who's he? The Prudential 'pro', of course".



The Prudential Insurance Company of America

cane fields. This week Britain's Colonial Secretary Anthony Greenwood is scheduled to pay his first visit to the colony, and the British Army garrison is braced for whatever else Cheddi and his followers may have in mind.

THE ALIANZA

States-to-People Aid

The biggest share of Alliance for Progress aid goes into long-term development programs, and it often takes a desperately long time to filter through government bureaucracies. To give ordinary Latin Americans a sense of progress now, the U.S. is backing a new program called "Partners of the Alliance." The idea is to match a U.S. state with a country, region, or large state in Latin America that shares some common characteristic and let the partners take it from there.

Since the program started 17 months ago, 22 U.S. states have joined, and 13 more are expected to sign up by the end of this year. Alianza officials in Washington establish the first contacts between the state governments and their Latin American opposite numbers. Utah is paired with Bolivia because both have a mountainous, mining economy; Illinois is matched with the big Brazilian state of São Paulo, whose booming highly industrialized capital city is Latin America's closest facsimile of Chicago. Most of the U.S. states then send a delegation down south to see how they can be useful, then get in touch with local organizations at home to get the plans going.

A shipment of 21 tons of electrical equipment from rural electrical cooperatives in Kentucky is helping an Ecuadorian cooperative double its output; Wisconsin plans to send a similar shipment to Nicaragua. Idaho has sent sewing machines to an Ecuadorian orphanage where the girls learn to become seamstresses. The Junior Chamber of Commerce in Mobile, Ala., has sent to Guatemala a bookmobile and funds to build a rural school, while Santa Barbara, Calif., has provided \$100,000 worth of medical equipment and pharmaceuticals for Bogotá.

Last week a Texas delegation headed by Edward Marcus of Dallas' Neiman-Marcus department store returned from Lima, where the Texans investigated joint-venture possibilities with Peruvian businessmen. And a group of New Jersey civic leaders is just back from a visit to Brazil's underdeveloped northeast state of Alagoas, looking for ways to help Brazilians help themselves. In one village the North Americans promised assistance for ten self-help projects, starting with a powerful pump for an irrigation well. Arthur Byrnes, assistant Alianza director for Brazil, explains: "This program is small in terms of dollars. But it is reaching the people directly, bringing about immediate results, and that makes a great difference."

PUERTO RICO

Caribbean Vegas

They often arrive in San Juan to find that their confirmed hotel reservation has long since gone to someone else. If they finally get into one of the overbooked establishments, they have to make dinner reservations a day in advance just to eat when they want in their own hotel. They pay stiff prices for almost everything, and the cab drivers hurt their feelings by speaking English when they try out their high school Spanish. But this is Puerto Rico, and this year the tourists, the mainlanders, stateiders, continentals, or just plain gringos are flying down as never before.

No Place Like Home. Tourism is still third, after sugar and manufacturing, among industries in the U.S. island commonwealth. But what a business. In the past four years, income from tourism has practically doubled, from \$53 million to \$96 million. And this year the Chamber of Commerce happily contemplates a take of well over \$100 million from 550,000 visitors. Last week, at the height of the winter season, more than 80% of San Juan's total 4,000 rooms were occupied, including the suburban motels and unpretentious rooming houses. Space was so tight in the top spots that prospective guests at the Rockefeller-owned Dorado Beach Hotel, where rates run to \$75 per couple per day, were putting up a \$300 deposit just for a reservation. The 160-room Flamboyant Hotel, which opened last week, is already booked through the season. And later this year, Philco, Gihson Refrigerator and the Disciples of Christ have scheduled conventions that will bring 18,000 visitors to Puerto Rico.

Why the rush? Certainly not the advertising: the government itself spent a scant \$107,000 last year to push tourism, though the airlines and hotels upped the total considerably. First of all, it is the climate. "This is the place with the weather Miami advertises," cracks the Director of Tourism. Then there are those fast jets with their low, low air fares (\$104 round trip, economy class), and the idea of having a Latin adventure not too far from home without worrying about visas—or rocks and riots. "You get a little of the Latin influence," said a blonde from Rhode Island, "but you feel right at home."

Nobody's home was ever so noisy. There are limbo, jazz and Gay Nineties joints scattered all along San Juan's quaint and narrow streets, Mexican, Cuban, Spanish and Italian nightclubs that rock nightly to trumpets and guitars. Last week Comic Jackie Mason held forth at the Caribe Hilton, Eartha Kitt was belting them out at the Americana, and strutting violins pierced the air in the Shalom Room of the Lee Hotel, which



SAN JUAN'S HOTEL ROW

At El Gollo Rojo, corned beef is king.

features its own synagogue. For the economy class, San Juan's hotel row has hatched two Red Rooster restaurants ("where corned beef and pastrami are king"); another, in staid Old San Juan, was discreetly latinized to *El Gallo Rojo*. This year there are Sunday bullfights in the Sixto Escobar Stadium—but no blood, as a concession to sensitive American tastes.

Ace in the Hole. The biggest draw of all is the gambling. In 1949, the government opened the door to gamblers, and there are many Puerto Ricans who rue the day. But not the hotelmen. The handle at the island's 13 hotel casinos is conservatively estimated at \$50 million a year—which pays the rent, tides the hotels over the lean summer months and brings the tourists back for more. Of the Caribe Hilton's \$750,000 profit one year, fully \$500,000 came from gambling. Another casino grossed \$650,000 in winnings in December alone.

Unlike Las Vegas, where the game grinds on 24 hours a day, San Juan casinos do not open until 8 p.m. and close at 4 a.m. The government keeps a whacking 37% of all casino profits, and makes dead-eye sure everything is on the up and up. It even collects mug shots and a record of all well-known Las Vegas low-lives, and fingerprints every casino owner—including the likes of Conrad Hilton and Laurance Rockefeller. The government's Gambling Control Section trains and licenses the croupiers, sends inspectors to watch all tables and settle all arguments—usually in favor of the customer. Casinos are prohibited from advertising, serving liquor or accepting bets beyond certain limits. The top is \$100 per roll for dice, \$50 for a hand of blackjack and \$20 on a roulette number.

The high-stakes boys at Las Vegas might sneer at such a penny-ante game. But the Puerto Ricans aren't greedy. Says one San Juan croupier: "Every day fresh money arrives by the plane-load."

PEOPLE

A rapturous audience, including Princess Margaret, called Ballerina **Margot Fonteyn**, 45, and her co-star, Rudolf Nureyev, back for 43 curtain calls after the London première of the Royal Ballet's new production of Prokofiev's *Romeo and Juliet*. The love story backstage was more poignant than Shakespeare's tale. In the wings, from his stretcher, Fonteyn's husband, Panamanian Politician **Roberto Arias**, 46 watched, still paralyzed from the chest down by the bullets pumped into his spine by a frustrated office-seeker in Panama last June.

Three weeks after Sir Winston Churchill's death, his will was published in London. He left an estate valued at \$744,950 after death duties, consisting principally of his London home and his Surrey stud farm, and bequeathed one-third to his widow Clementine and the rest to his four children. The will did not represent the bulk of Churchill's wealth, derived from book royalties estimated at \$3,000,000; that was in a trust, set up in 1946 for his children and grandchildren, and under Crown law exempt from death duties.

Visiting Washington to collect a National Medal of Science for his "contributions to scientific knowledge," Chemist **Harold Urey**, 71, recalled that when he developed heavy water in 1931 he never dreamed that his discovery would win the Nobel Prize or, for that matter, become a vital ingredient in the making of the atomic bomb. "I thought it might have some practical use," he said, plaintively, "in something like neon signs."

"It was like *A Thousand and One Nights*," wrote one awed critic. He was dazzled by the floodlights, befurred lovelies and police cordons restraining the spectators outside Milan's Teatro



Fonteyn & Arias
A 44th curtain call.

Nuovo, where Producer Dino de Laurentiis was premiering *Three Faces of a Woman*, starring his latter-day Scheherazade, **Princess Soraya**, 32. Iran's former Empress arrived in a Rolls-Royce, wearing green silk to match her eyes, with diamonds insured for \$1,000,000. And her on-screen performance—well, what did it matter? Said Rome's Paese Sera gently: "She has the attributes for becoming a real actress."

Once upon a time in 1960, New York Democratic Congressman **Adam Clayton Powell**, 56, called a Harlem housewife named Esther James a "bagwoman," meaning, in Harlem patois, that she was a graft collector for the police department. Mrs. James, declaring her innocence, won a \$46,500 libel judgment against him, but thanks to his intricate legal dodges, it may be a long time before she collects. Nonetheless, Mrs. James's bag, in theory at least, should be comfortably full. Last week the State Supreme Court in Manhattan awarded her an extra \$163,500, as a result of Adam's stalls.

The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. Gospel Singer **Mahalia Jackson**, 53, devoutly believes, and when medics told her that she would be able to resume her career despite the heart attack she suffered five months ago, "I went to a Catholic Mass and prayed," she said, in her Chicago home. "I'm a Baptist, but I believe there's only one God." One thing taken away for good, however, with the aid of a diet, are 50 of Mahalia's original 250 lbs. "Doctors say I have to lose at least 25 more lbs.," she laughs. "But I'm afraid I'll end up looking like a skeleton."

He voted for **Barry Goldwater** in November, and so when the ex-Senator (a twelve-handicapper) turned up with his golf clubs for the pro-amateur round in

the Phoenix Open, G.M. Test Driver Wilbur Allen, 38, zoomed out to catch his hero's performance. "Any mulligans?" hollered Barry jovially to the crowd. But he certainly didn't need any free shots, slamming 200-yd. drives until on the sixth hole he hooked the ball into the spectators, specifically Wilbur Allen. Allen ended up in Mesa Lutheran Hospital with several stitches in his cheek; but Medicare hasn't gained a partisan, for Goldwater is footing the bills.

Luci Baines Johnson, 17, who graduates from the National Cathedral School in June, is applying to the Jesuits' Georgetown University School of Nursing, where a four-year course leads to a bachelor of science degree. If accepted, she can live at home, which will be fine with her father, the Secret Service, and her best beau Paul Betz, 20, a pre-med at close-enough Mount Saint Mary's College in Maryland.

"Ciao!" cried Italy's **Marcello Mastroianni**, 40, when he spied Gina Lollobrigida, 36, at New York's Kennedy Airport, and Gina offered a luscious cheek for him to kiss. When Mastroianni flew on to Hollywood, he discovered Adulation American Style, which is no *dolce vita*. Shrieking females mobbed him at the airport, including one pretty creature, who pursued him, hallowing "Marcello, I love you!" She was there again next day when he cemented his footprints outside Grauman's Chinese Theater and this time he obligingly kissed her (she fainted). But he balked when another horde tried to drag him up to dance in a discotheque—"Fantastico!" he muttered. "I had to hit one of them over the head twice. And she actually seemed to enjoy it."

Since Generalissimo **Francisco Franco**, 72, would abutting go, Spain's entire Cabinet joined him at his "el Pardo" reserve in the frosty hills of Guadarrama. Though a number of ministers shivered under their parkas in the shooting stands, *el Caudillo* happily tilted his rifle at wild boar and stag, wearing merely a sweater beneath his business suit. At day's end, he democratically announced only the group's total bag of 76 assorted animals, one of which was nailed by Francisco Franco Martinez Bordiu, 11, the dictator's grandson and namesake.



Soraya in "Three Faces"
A night like 1,001.



Gunman Franco
A democratic 76.



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MUSIC

ROCK 'N' ROLL

A Giant Stands 5 Ft. 7 In.

You never close your eyes any more when I kiss your lips.

There's no tenderness like before in your fingertips.

You've lost that lovin' feelin'.

"Kids don't think like that," admits Phil Spector. "But when they hear those lyrics with our sound, they respond, baby, they respond." And how. For the past three weeks they have made Spec-



PHIL SPECTOR

Post-pubescent passion.

tor's *You've Lost That Lovin' Feelin'* the top-selling record in the U.S. Since founding Philles Records in 1962, Spector—as songwriter, arranger, producer and distributor—has turned out 24 catchy, tear-drenched rock 'n' roll songs that have sold a fantastic total of 20 million copies, making Phil a millionaire at 24.

In the fickle pop market, most other record makers operate on a scatter-platter basis, indiscriminately grinding out some 100 new records each week on a hit-and-nearly-always-miss basis. Spector, by contrast, has shown an uncanny knack for catching adolescent ears with nearly every record he produces. Almost all of them celebrate post-pubescent passion: *Be My Baby*, *Then He Kissed Me*, *Wait Til My Bobby Gets Home*. Spector has already made big-time teen-market recording stars of a succession of singers and vocal groups such as the Ronettes, Bobb B. Soxx and the Blue Jeans, Darlene Love, the Crystals.

Karate, in Case. Spector Sound, as it's called in the industry, is marked by a throbbing, sledgehammer beat, inten-

sified by multiplying the usual number of rhythm instruments and boosting the volume. Spectral orchestration, undulating with shimmering climaxes, is far more polished, varied and broadly rooted than the general run of rock 'n' roll. In *Lovin' Feelin'*, Spector used two basses, three electric guitars, three pianos, a harpsichord, twelve violins, a ten-voice chorus and four brawny percussionists. His vocalists, a pair of 23-year-old white Californians who call themselves the Righteous Brothers, imitate the Negro gospel wail, a sound that Spector prizes as the "soulful yearning that every teen-ager understands."

Spector, who is 5 ft. 7 in. and weighs 131 lbs., personifies the bizarre, make-believe world that he dominates. "I've always wanted to stay in the back-ground," he insists, primping his scraggly, Prince Valiant locks. But his attire could hardly be called a camouflage. Standard costume: stiletto-pointed boots with three-inch Cuban heels, tight pants, cloth cap, Davy Crockett pull-over. He ignores the rude hoots that greet his progress down the street, confides that "in case of real trouble I could literally kill a guy. I've studied karate for years."

Teen Pan Alley. Born in The Bronx and raised in Los Angeles, Spector (his real name) played jazz guitar in nightclubs during his high school years. At 17, inspired by the inscription on his father's tombstone, he wrote his first song, *To Know Him, Is to Love Him*. It sold 1,200,000 copies and has become an all-time teen classic. Phil marked time for two years working as a court stenotypist. Then, at 19, he moved to Manhattan and tried to crash "Teen Pan Alley" only to discover that "95% of the music business is heavily infiltrated by morons. If they hadn't been so greedy and vicious, I wouldn't have tried to control them." Fortunately, as Phil puts it, "I function well in a world of hostility."

This month Phil Spector moved from a Manhattan penthouse to a rambling 21-room mansion in Beverly Hills, Calif., to be near his recording studio and Mother Bertha Productions, a subsidiary corporation that publishes sheet music. His mother Bertha is a bookkeeper there. The move was delayed by Phil's reluctance to leave his \$600-a-month Manhattan psychoanalyst. Now, however, he figures that he can "keep my equilibrium" by calling the analyst long-distance any time he needs instant therapy.

Nonacceptance. His maladjustment seems to stem from a feeling of non-acceptance by the adult world. "I'm affecting millions of people's lives in some way," he complains, "but I'm not supposed to be human. We're the only ones communicating with the teen-agers. They are so prone to anxiety and de-

struction, and they can't intellectualize their wounds. Breaking up with a boy/friend is just as realistic to them as it is to a 30-year-old. Our music helps them to understand. If we're not what's happening today, then what is? Maybe I'm living in an America that doesn't exist?"

It exists, all right. To make doubly sure, Entrepreneur Spector has co-founded a new company to make TV documentary films. The first production, starring Spector, will be called *A Giant Stands 5 Ft. 7 In.*

OPERA

Out of the Shade

When Mezzo-Soprano Marilyn Horne made her New York debut in Bellini's *Beatrice di Tenda* four years ago, the critics were rapturous in their praise—for Joan Sutherland, the celebrated coloratura who also happened to be making her New York debut that night in the title role. Poor Marilyn was completely submerged in the flood of acclaim for Sutherland. The reviewer for the New York Times neglected to mention that she was even present, much less accounted for.

Last week Marilyn Horne was back on stage with Soprano Sutherland in the Boston Opera's production of Rossini's *Semiramide*. This time there was no overlooking her. For one thing, she was five months pregnant and singing the hero's role of Arsace, an officer in the Scythian army, complete with beard and free-flowing robes. For another, she sang magnificently.

Newscaster's Diction. Though *Semiramide* is musically the most brilliant



MARILYN HORNE IN "SEMI-
RAMIDE"
Prenatal decathlon.



We prove a car's heater the only sensible way—with four highly sensitive thermometers and four highly critical men.



In the kind of cold that chills a man through to the bone, a Buick LeSabre heads out across the snowy countryside. At night, so the sun won't have any warming effect.

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■ Progress report from B.F. Goodrich

When it hits 2000 mph, ordinary tires would burn to a crisp

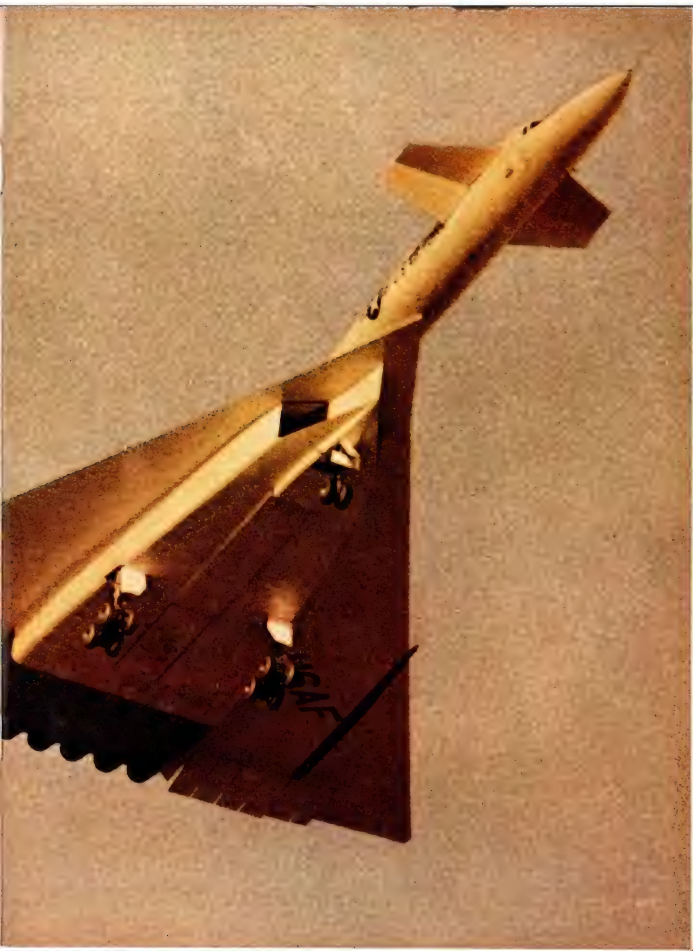
This strange-looking bird is one of America's newest supersonic jets, the XB-70A. 185 feet long. Over 250 tons heavy. And 2000 miles an hour fast. So fast that the heat generated is enough to literally cook conventional airplane tires.

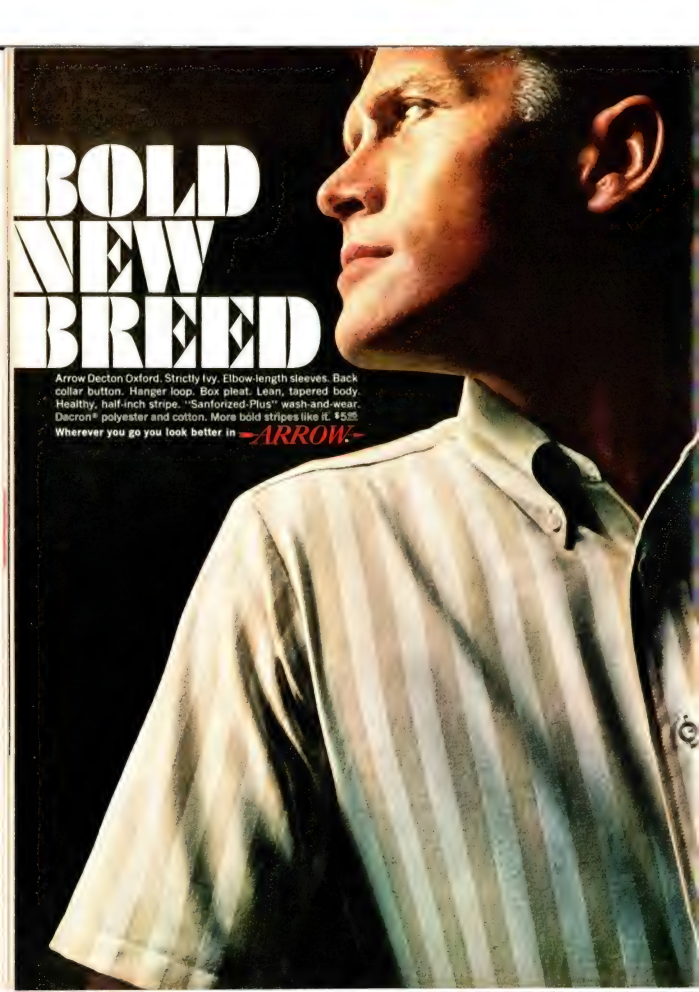
Build us a tire that'll stand 360 degree heat, North American Aviation said. And build it B.F. Goodrich did. With new heat-resistant rubber. A stronger cord body. And a new way of combining rubber and cords into a tire that's unbelievably small and light for the weight it has to carry. It took months of work. But still, B.F. Goodrich had the XB-70A tires tested, approved and ready to go nearly a year ahead of schedule.

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B.F. Goodrich



A black and white photograph of a man's head and shoulders in profile, looking upwards and to the left. He is wearing a light-colored, short-sleeved button-down shirt with thin vertical stripes. The background is dark and out of focus.

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of Rossini's 35 operas, it has not been staged in the U.S. since 1906. Written in 1823 as a florid showcase for the human voice, *Semiramide* is among the most fiendishly difficult of all operas to sing, a kind of vocal decathlon that requires a range and stylistic flexibility that few if any modern-day singers would or could tackle—that is, until Horne and Sutherland came along. But both their husbands decided that not even Rossini's musical scrollwork was adequate to display the full virtuosity of their two stars. Sutherland's husband Richard Bonyng, who conducted the Boston production, and Horne's spouse Henry Lewis, who as associate conductor of the Los Angeles Philharmonic is the leading Negro conductor in the U.S., put their heads together to compose some additional vocal scrimshaw of their own. The result was a stunning display of *bel canto* acrobatics of a kind rarely heard in any age.

"The way our two voices blend together," says Sutherland, "is so exciting for us. It's fantastic." The audience agreed. Sutherland as Queen Semiramide was her usual dazzling self, but Horne matched her roudade for roudade, trill for trill, most enchantingly in the final act in which the two coloraturas melded voices in a breathtakingly lovely duet. Marilyn exhibited a regal voice that spans two octaves, warm and bronzed in the middle, vibrantly brilliant at the top. With the diction of a newscaster, she breezed through the complicated Rossini libretto as easily as a mother singing a nursery rhyme.

Place to Be Lousy. Marilyn began her voice lessons at five under the unstinting tutelage of her father, a "semiprofessional tenor" when he wasn't tending to his duties as town assessor of Bradford, Pa. When the family moved to Long Beach, Calif., Marilyn joined the Roger Wagner Chorale, later won a voice scholarship to the University of Southern California where she flunked, among other things, opera workshop for refusing to sing Carmen (she did not feel ready for the role). She spent her time instead singing avant-garde music at the Hollywood Bowl under the direction of Igor Stravinsky, dubbed in the singing voice for Dorothy Dandridge in the movie *Carmen Jones*, was a disembodied voice in Hollywood's *Flower Drum Song*.

Deserting college in her third year, she headed for Europe "to have a place where I could be lousy and make all my mistakes." After a year of study in Vienna, she sang for three years with Germany's Gelsenkirchen Municipal Opera. But each summer she always made it a point to come back to California to sing at the Hollywood Bowl "just to make sure the people of America didn't forget about me." She can rest assured. At 31, thanks to her *Semiramide* performance and an excellent new London recording, *Presenting Marilyn Horne*, she now ranks as the finest, most versatile young mezzo singing today.

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THE PRESS

NEWSPAPERS

Sizing Up Viet Nam

"It may be nationally humiliating to confess it," editorialized the liberal-minded St. Louis Post Dispatch, "but the truth is that we are risking world war in Southeast Asia for no sound national purpose at all. The new exchange of strikes simply emphasizes the bankruptcy of American policy. Our basic purpose ought to be to disengage from a fruitless and seemingly endless conflict by seeking a political instead of a military settlement."

The conservative New York Daily News viewed the events in Viet Nam quite differently: "Why not stage repeated bombing raids on all North Viet Nam's war-supply depots and routes known to us; and why not wreck Red China's nuclear-arms facilities?" As the week wore on, the News proposed for good measure that the U.S. give "Chiang Kai-shek convoy and air help for his long-planned invasion of mainland China."

No Substitute. Thus last week, as crisis flared again in Viet Nam, the support for strong U.S. action came, with rare exception, from conservative newspapers; the pleas for a negotiated settlement came from those on the liberal side. **NEGOTIATIONS PREFERABLE TO THIRD WORLD WAR,** said the Miami News. "The strike at North Viet Nam was understandable and justifiable as a tactical response in a war situation," said The New York Times. "It was not a substitute for policy." And, in subsequent editorials, the Times left no doubt about what it felt that policy should be: "The only sane way out is diplomatic, international, political, economic—not military."

"We are like a muscle-bound giant being besieged by gnats," wrote the Mil-

waukee Journal. "Where do we go from here? A negotiated peace is vital." The Christian Science Monitor managed to find some comfort in the Viet Cong raids and called U.S. retaliation "an escalation of diplomacy rather than an escalation of the war itself. It cannot be ruled out that these raids, demonstrating American firmness, may well speed the day when a diplomatic settlement of the Vietnamese civil strife will occur."

No Initiative. The contrasting call from the right, for more toughness and less talk, was heard in varied accents. "We submit that it is a curious way to fight a war when you wait for the enemy to sock you first before returning a light jab," said the Chicago Tribune. "As our global strategy is the same, the prospect for the survival of freedom doesn't look too encouraging, even for the U.S." In Atlanta, the Journal also faulted the U.S. for "permitting the initiative to rest with the Communists."

"No dictator is so lowly and so puny that he does not dare to pull the tail feathers of the American Eagle," said the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. "Certainly the risks are very great in South Viet Nam. It may be expensive to win the war, but the risks in winning it are far less than those in losing it." The Dallas Morning News acknowledged that "it is a terrible situation, and, as the surrender salesmen say, it is one that we can escape simply by folding up. Our respite, however, would be short."

No Explanations. Like the newspapers, the political columnists also tended to split along predictable lines. Joseph Alsop, an old Asia hand, whose own brand of liberalism does not rule out demands for tough action, chafed with impatience for more and bigger U.S. attacks: "Where then is our common sense, that we shrink and fall back, shrink and fall back? We have waited overlong." Alsop added a warning: "Now what needs doing may perhaps be done at last. If not, we must expect dreadful trouble pretty soon."

Columnist Max Lerner, who characterizes himself as a hard-nosed liberal, commended President Johnson for "showing iron nerve and flexibility together," but argued that "he needs to do more as educator." For until Johnson spells out the U.S. stake in Southeast Asia, said Lerner, "the field is left open for those who say that the present war is a futile folly, that the air strikes are a dangerous adventure and that, unless the Americans get out of Viet Nam one way or another, they will get involved in a full-scale war they cannot handle."

For a moment, even conservative Columnist David Lawrence appeared to be endorsing negotiation. "It begins to look as if sooner or later," he wrote at mid-week, "there is going to have to be some conferring behind the scenes between

the major powers, with an idea of finding a solution." Walter Lippmann, on the other hand, seemed briefly to desert his long-repeated argument that the U.S. should disengage. "I would not count too much on American patience being greater than Chinese patience," he said at first. "The United States is not a paper tiger." By week's end Lippmann was back on his customary line: "The United States should not hesitate to say that it is seeking a negotiated settlement in Southeast Asia."

No Surprise. The division along ideological lines, the doubts about strategy, the questions about tactics were only to be expected as editorialists sized up a difficult and dangerous moment of history. The surprising part of the reaction was that some experienced journalists seemed to be saying that they did not know the basic reason why the U.S. was in Viet Nam. They have been writing about that ever since Harry Truman sent troops into Korea to halt the spread of Communism in Asia.

WAR CORRESPONDENTS

Up Front Once More

As a battle-scarred veteran with two wars to his credit, Chicago Sun-Times Editorial Cartoonist Bill Mauldin, 43, has developed a Pavlovian response to the sound of gunfire. He was practically weaned Up Front.² A downy-cheeked sergeant in World War II, he drafted the immortal dogfaces Willie and Joe, followed up in 1952 with a sketch-board tour of combat in Korea. Sooner or later he was sure to wind up in South Viet Nam, and last week Cartoonist Mauldin was once more up to his ears in his natural element.

Not long after he reached Saigon, Mauldin beat his way 240 miles north to Pleiku, where his son Bruce, 21, a

The title of Mauldin's 1945 best-selling prose-cartoon book on World War II



OPERATION "AIR STRIKE"



THE AGE OF AUTOMATION



BRUCE & BILL MAULDIN AT PLEIKU

Hairy day for a hash-marked dogface.

helicopter pilot, was flying combat missions. One of his first discoveries was that war correspondence is not what it used to be. In World War II, said Mauldin, newsmen joined a combat unit, slogged along with the men, lived the combat life for weeks or even months. But Mauldin was the only newspaperman at Pleiku. "These boys," said he of the station's troops, "are sitting out there like outposts in Indian country"—visited only rarely by correspondents, who fly up from Saigon, stay a day or two, and fly back again.

The night after his arrival, Mauldin had scarcely composed himself for sleep when Viet Cong guerrillas opened fire in the assault that flared into an international incident. "That sounds like mortars," said Mauldin to his hutmate, an Army colonel. Ignoring instructions to dive into the nearest bunker, Mauldin sprinted into action while chattering out loud in English as a precautionary measure: clad only in shorts, he was eager not to be mistaken for one of the Viet Cong, who habitually sport such abbreviated battle dress.

"It was pretty hairy," said Mauldin later. "I'm a middle-aged civilian, and it's been a long time since I was shot at." Civilian Mauldin's reactions were those of a hash-marked veteran. Unlimbering his camera, he snapped a comprehensive image of the destruction, pausing only to help carry a wounded U.S. soldier to safety. He sent the pictures home, along with cabled eyewitness accounts, and he also fulfilled another self-assigned combat responsibility: he relayed messages to the wives of U.S. servicemen on duty at Pleiku, assuring them that their husbands had come through unharmed.

The Sun-Times plastered Mauldin's coverage all over the paper. In the heat of battle, the cartoonist put pen and sketching pad aside for more urgent assignments, but by week's end, he had delivered a batch of drawings from Up Front.

REPORTERS

Sociologist on the Society Beat

"Bostonians are an elegantly athletic lot," began the story in the New York Times. "They prove it periodically by swirling, twirling and swooping about in graceful dance patterns until heads of perspiration materialize on their aristocratic brows." The byline belonged to Charlotte Curtis, 36, a supercharged, auburn-haired divorcee who probably ranks as the first society reporter in journalistic history to publish the fact that proper Bostonians sweat.

The Times's Curtis was covering an upper-crust Waltz Evening in Boston's Sheraton Plaza Hotel, and she could not resist noting that the ballroom temperature steadily ascended from 59° to 64°, impelled by all that genteel exertion. Nor did she refrain from logging the other leisure pursuits of Mrs. F. Sohier Welch, patroness and architect of the bash. In her spare time, reported Society Reporter Curtis, Mrs. Welch crusades against billboards, litterbugs, and "laws that prevent the sale of birth control devices in Massachusetts."

One-Line Profile. Until Charlotte Curtis made the scene, this sort of irreverent high-society coverage seldom got into type. By tradition, practice, choice and affinity, the typical society reporter gossips about her sources in their own terms. The Times's girl on the beat studies her subjects with the detachment of a professional sociologist.

Before descending on Boston last week, she classified Miami as "a youthful city of indeterminate social standing" with "the third largest Jewish population in the world." Then she proceeded promptly to her point: "However, there are no Jewish members in the Surf Club, the Bath Club or the Indian Creek and La Goree Clubs." When the Miami News, which subscribes to the New York Times News Service, reprinted the Curtis story, it scrupulously deleted that part of it. In a profile on Los Angeles society, Miss Curtis needed only one line to show how that city tends to view the U.S. She merely quoted the party host, who, on being told that the young Angelino at his elbow had just entered Harvard, responded: "What's the matter? Couldn't you get into Stanford?"

Against Copelessness. Charlotte Murray Curtis's society reporting blends a proper background with the perspective of the competent reporter. Born of strong-willed and well-to-do parents—her mother, who served in the U.S. Legation in Switzerland, was the first woman to be admitted to the U.S. Foreign Service—Charlotte grew up in Columbus, Ohio, talked her way into summer assignments for the Citizen (now the Citizen-Journal) while still at Vassar. "She had the disposition of a thoroughbred—overtrained, overbred and tense," recalls a colleague still on the paper. "She had a pride in being able to cope. She was against copelessness."



REPORTER CURTIS AT WORK

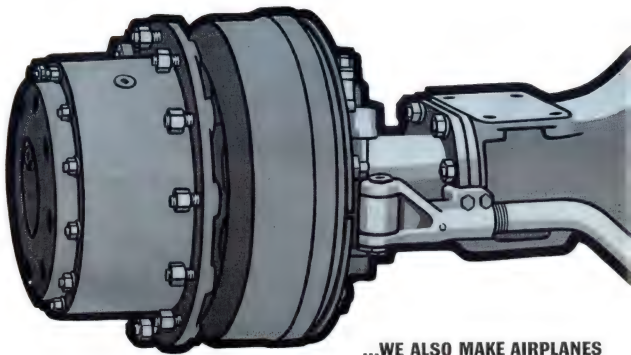
Fresh head on Bostonian brows.

Sent to cover everything from circuses to fashion, Charlotte chafed at her lack of opportunity to make use of the sociology she had studied at Vassar. In 1961, after a short-lived marriage, she headed for New York. The Times took her on as a fashion reporter, but Charlotte kept submitting extracurricular stories—one on a college reunion, another on June weddings at West Point—that were too original in concept not to print. Two years ago, Clifton Daniel, then Times assistant managing editor and now managing editor, shifted Charlotte to the society beat and urged her to give her sociological approach to the subject full rein. "The Times has never been interested in social chitchat," said Daniel by way of explanation, "but in applying good journalistic standards to an area of news, society, that is important to all of us."

Like an Exam. In San Francisco, Seattle, Palm Beach, Paris, London, New Orleans, the Hamptons, Charlotte drew a fresh and unawed head on society, a word she never drops without a qualifier: "Society with a capital S," "society—if there is a society," "so-called society." Invariably she arrived in a city armed with a better understanding of the natives than the natives themselves: "I hone up as if I were going to have to take an exam." Before descending on Boston, for example, she combed the libraries. She waded through Standard & Poor's ("Finance is such an important part") and a WPA history of Boston, digested *The Education of Henry Adams* and genealogies of the city's first families.

In two years on the beat, Charlotte has been asked by five publishers to do a definitive book on Society. Although she finally yielded to Athenaeum, she is less than exuberant about the commission: "I've just started," she says. "I haven't been to Denver yet."

² Interviewing Washington Hostess Gwen Calfritz in Palm Beach.



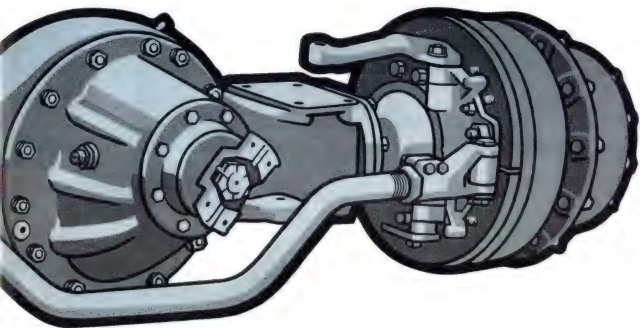
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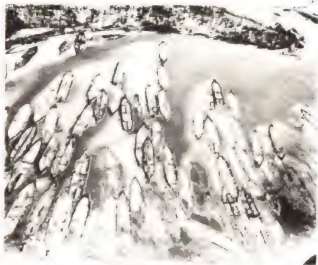
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"We do not intend that our natural resources shall be exploited by the few against the interests of the many, nor do we intend to turn them over to any man who will wastefully use them by destruction and leave to those who come after us a heritage damaged by just so much." So spoke the conservationist President, Teddy Roosevelt. Last week, as his tenth successor addressed himself to the modern problems of natural resources, the situation had become more dramatic: what needs saving now is not just nature, but man himself.

In a special message to Congress on natural beauty, President Johnson highlighted the triumphs of progress that threaten to make the countryside invisible, the water undrinkable, the air unbreathable and the city unlivable. To put a stop to all this, Johnson indicated that memos will soon be flying, committees conferring and money sluicing, largely through the Land and Water Conservation Fund established by Congress last September, which will have approximately \$1.450 billion at its disposal during the next decade.

National parks are still a major presidential concern: Johnson out-Teddyed Roosevelt by proposing the establishment of twelve new national parks, totaling some 754,104 acres* to make "a Parks-for-America decade." He also noted that many thousands of the 28

MODERN LIVING

million acres now used by the armed services would soon become surplus, and "much of the land has great potential for outdoor recreation, wildlife and conservation uses," to which end he had asked for an inventory from the Secretaries of Defense and Interior.

What the cities need is more open spaces, said the President: he proposed a series of matching grants to help municipalities open up with parks and plazas equipped for public rest and recreation. He also recommended federal demonstration projects to show how existing parks might be used better.

The Highway. Landscaping, said the President, should be required on all federal, interstate, primary and urban highways, "encouraging the construction of rest and recreation areas . . . and the preservation of natural beauty adjacent to highway rights-of-way." This means more restriction, for one thing, on outdoor advertising, for which Johnson plans to recommend more effective legislation to replace the present regulations, which expire in June. Also in for a sharp crackdown is a pet Johnsonian peevish—"unsightly, beauty-destroying junkyards and auto graveyards along our highways."

The litter of dead car carcasses is bothering more and more civic groups, such as the National Council of State Garden Clubs. Minnesota's Senator Eugene McCarthy has even urged the use of excise taxes on gasoline to subsidize the scrapping of cars. The trouble is twofold: 1) as population and incomes increase, more cars are made, and they have ever shorter lives; 2) the price of scrap metal has dropped as the steel industry has converted from open-hearth furnaces, which use up to 45% scrap metal, to oxygen furnaces, which

use only 27% scrap. The price an auto wrecker gets for his scrap has fallen to around \$10 a car, with the result that many wreckers have allowed car carcasses to pile up, in hopes of a rise in the market. One hopeful cure for this national eyesore was proposed this month by Interior Secretary Stewart L. Udall, who announced that the Bureau of Mines has developed a new process that uses scrapped autos to upgrade nonmagnetic iron ore and make it suitable for steelmaking.

Water & Air. The President announced that he will soon send Congress a bill to establish a "national wild-rivers system." The time has come, he said, "to identify and preserve free-flowing stretches of our great scenic rivers before growth and development make the beauty of the unspoiled waterway a memory." The President also put his weight behind efforts to clear Washington's own river, the Potomac, of unsightly debris—such as the rusty aquatic junkyard of gutted World War I ships at La Plata, Md. Water pollution from both sewage and industrial waste, said the President, has reached the point where effective authority is required to prevent it at its source, rather than rely on palliative measures to cope with detergent-filled lakes and rivers, virus-spreading streams, or mass fish kills caused by chemical waste and pesticides.

Breathing, too, is growing steadily more perilous. Said Johnson: "This generation has altered the composition of the atmosphere on a global scale," by gas, coal and oil fumes as well as by nuclear fission. The 1966 budget under the Clean Air Act will be \$24 million—almost double what it was when the law was enacted two years ago. Even so, the President feels that the act needs strengthening to permit the Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare "to investigate potential air-pollution problems before pollution happens."

In this respect, it is living cars rather

* Assateague Island National Seashore, Md.; Va.; Tuckers Island National Recreation Area, N.J.; Pa.; Cape Lookout National Seashore, N.C.; Sleeping Bear Dunes National Lakeshore, Mich.; Indiana Dunes National Lakeshore, Ind.; Oregon Dunes National Seashore, Ore.; Great Basin National Park, Nev.; Guadalupe Mountains National Park, Texas; Spruce Knob, Seneca Rocks National Recreation Area, W.Va.; Bighorn Canyon National Recreation Area, Mont. Wyo.; Flaming Gorge National Recreation, Utah-Wyo.; Whiskeytown-Shasta-Trinity National Recreation Area, Calif.

than dead ones that are under scrutiny. Johnson served notice that he intends to institute discussions among auto industry officials and "other interested groups" about what can be done to eliminate the exhaust pipe's assault on the lungs (see SCIENCE).

President Johnson's conservation program will presumably get under way in mid-May at a White House conference on natural beauty under the chairmanship of Laurance Rockefeller, chairman of the New York State Council of Parks and citizen conservationist No. 1 (he has personally presented the nation with some 6,000 acres of national-park land).

The forthcoming conference, said the President, "will not be restricted to federal action," but will "look for ways to help and encourage state and local government, institutions and private citizens in their own efforts . . . We have not chosen to have an ugly America. We have been careless, and often neglectful. But now that the danger is clear and the hour is late, this people can place itself in the path of a tide of blight which is often irreversible and always destructive."

By the time the President was through, Secretary Udall was ecstatic. "For the first time," he declared, "we're mature enough as a nation to have beauty as a part of our national purpose."

THE CITY

Crime Underground

New York City's brand-new subway was hailed as the growing edge of progress in 1904, when the first train pulled out of City Hall Station with the mayor at its sterling-silver throttle and a load of top-hatted dignitaries who made the nine-mile run to 145th Street and Broadway in 26 minutes. Today, the littered cars, clashing and swaying through the underground dark, packed torso to torso or eerie with empti-

ness, have increasingly become hunting grounds for the city's sick and sinister creatures of prey. Complaints of major crimes increased 9% in the city during 1964, the police department announced last week. But complaints of serious crimes—such as robbery, mugging and armed assault—grew by a staggering 52% in New York City's subways.

FADS

Sit-Down Skiing

The winter wilderness, once the province of a few hardy sportsmen, now opens up to even the flabbiest American with the newest things in snow-gadgets. The snowmobile is a motor scooter on skis and can go where skiers fear to tread, and without risk of torn ligaments and strained muscles. It is, in fact, ideal for the man who prefers to get his thrills sitting down.

Originally a Canadian innovation (the Mounties use them to track their men), the machine grips all kinds of snow with a tanklike traction belt of metal cleats. Outhoof Marine Corp., maker of Evinrude and Johnson motors, produced two new U.S. models priced at \$895, and found it had started something of a fad. The number of snowmobiles sold nationally jumped to 10,300 this year, double last year's sales.

Snowmobiles offer more than utility service. They are capable of speeds up to 35 m.p.h., and a skillful driver can skitter and skid them through the turns of a slalom course. Versatile body English is needed on the sharper curves, and in case of a spill the engine is equipped with a deadman throttle that shuts it off and keeps the doodlebug from roaring off empty down the hill. Snowmobile rallies will be held this month in Tufthorbo, N.H., Tomahawk, Wis., Forest Lake, Minn., Skowhegan, Me., and Boonville, N.Y., with prizes for slalom racing, hill climbing, speed runs and cross-country marathons.

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By Quentin Reynolds

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THE LAW

DOMESTIC RELATIONS

Concubinage—Italian Style

Short of shooting her, as in the movie *Divorce—Italian Style*, there is virtually no way for a man to shed his wife in divorceless Italy. Film Producer Carlo Ponti made a game try when he got a legal separation from his wife, arranged a Mexican divorce, and then went through a Mexican marriage with Actress Sophia Loren. But Italian authorities countered that gambit with ease: they recognized the marriage, not the divorce, and they hit Ponti with a bigamy charge. Sending lawyers to the defense on two continents, Ponti got a

Technical Sin. The problem is almost as old as Rome itself. The city's founder, Romulus, did allow men to sue for divorce, and the Emperor Justinian permitted it in return for vows of future chastity from each partner, but Mussolini's 1929 Concordat with the Vatican banished divorce entirely. The church courts do permit annulments—at the rate of about 70 a year. Another 12,000 couples win legal separations each year, but the separated remain bound in marriage. Not surprisingly, 2,500,000 Italians have chosen concubinage. About 10% of the entire population is now technically living in sin.

If Duce himself followed the pattern when he took up with the beautiful Clara Petacci in place of his legal wife Rachele. It was in Clara's company that Mussolini was shot and hung by the heels by vengeful partisans. Italy's late Communist Party Boss Palmiro Togliatti left his wife to live openly with Comrade Leonilde Jotti; the couple even adopted a daughter. When Togliatti died last summer, Leonilde marched behind the coffin, while Signora Togliatti got lost in the crowd.

Not Known. As one result of the Italian practice of "stable concubinage," the registration papers of at least a million Italian children were marked with an "N.N." (for *Nemini Notus*, meaning roughly "Not known to anyone") that stamped the children for life. Finally a law was passed in 1955 erasing the demeaning stamp from every hasty official documents.

Now, Ponti's acquisition of French citizenship has churned up a real feat which many others will soon follow him abroad. "Just imagine what would happen," asked one member of Parliament, "if all the 'irregulars' in the arts should follow Ponti's example!" It is an interesting thought, but in the face of church opposition, few Italian politicians of any party are anxious to fight out the issue. As Rome Lawyer Ercolo Graziadei wryly puts it: "The day will come when England will adopt the metric system and China will use the Latin alphabet. But Italy will still forbid divorce."

CRIMINAL JUSTICE

Importance of Good Police Work

Connecticut's Supreme Court of Errors was obviously bothered by the case it was considering. The crime, said Judge John M. Comley speaking for a unanimous bench, was "particularly revolting and atrocious." Yet the conviction of Handyman Harlis Miller, serving a life sentence for the murder of Westport Matron Isabel Sillan, was reversed because it had been obtained with the aid of inadmissible evidence.

It was just the sort of decision to feed the growing public outcry against courts coddling criminals, and the New

York Daily News was quick to complain about "judicial concern for accused criminals outweighing judicial concern for the rights and safety of defense people." In fact, the most serious cause for concern rested with the police.

After Mrs. Sillan was strangled and her 14-year-old daughter, Gail, was raped, the handyman fled to Spertown, Ga., where he was captured. With Miller safely in jail, a Connecticut county detective and a Westport police sergeant went to Spertown and examined the suspect's car without taking the time or trouble to ask his permission or obtain a search warrant. When the car was brought back to Connecticut, it was examined again—still without a warrant. The upholstery was crawling with samples of Gail Sillan's blood and hair. Despite defense objections, that evidence was admitted at Miller's trial.

"Not every search without warrant is illegal," noted Judge Comley. "For example, a search which is an incident to a lawful arrest is proper." But the search of Miller's car was "remote from the arrest both in time and space." The U.S. citizen's immunity from such illegal search is a cornerstone of the Constitution, and the court was guarding against any erosion of that immunity.

Reversal of his conviction does not mean that Miller will go free. Even though the police ruined any chance of his using evidence from the suspect's car, the state prosecutor is already pressing for a second trial, hoping for a second conviction.

COURTS

Call Me Mister

A twice-convicted thief named Richard Armstead took the stand before U.S. District Judge Alexander Holtzoff in Washington, D.C., to deny the latest robbery charge against him. Bring out his criminal record, snapped the judge. "Mr. Armstead," the prosecutor dutifully began. But Judge Holtzoff, who is 78 and has been on the bench 20 years, interrupted in a manner unexpected in the scrupulously courteous federal courts. "Don't address defendants as 'Mister,'" he said. "Witnesses and counsel should be addressed as Mr. or Mrs. or Miss, as the case may be, but not the defendant."

The evidence was so solid that Armstead's court-appointed lawyer later asked the U.S. Court of Appeals to dismiss the appeal that he had filed for his client. The court complied, but in the process it went out of its way to rap Judge Holtzoff for his "inexplicable" rudeness to Mr. Armstead.

"When a defendant takes the stand he is a witness," said the court. "He is entitled to the same courtesies and consideration as all the others involved in the proceedings. The presumption of innocence, apart from other factors, requires no less than that nothing be permitted to trench on that presumption."



PONTI & LOREN AT HOME IN ITALY

They would rather be illegal than irregular.

Mexican court to void his marriage to Sophia, and he asked the courts at home to agree that the ceremony had thus been erased from legal existence.

Last week Ponti got his answer. The Mexican marriage was no legal fiction, said a Rome civil court. It had in fact been annulled, but by contracting it in the first place, Ponti was still guilty of bigamy, though the court did not charge him with the crime. Almost as if he had expected the ruling, the producer had already started down another escape route: he has become a French citizen on the theory that the move will allow him to divorce his wife under French law and remarry Sophia.

The French Ponti, however, does not automatically cease being Italian. As it happens, Italy recognizes dual citizenship; some Italians (such as ex-soldiers) can never renounce their citizenship. If Italian courts fail to agree that Ponti has become a 100% Frenchman, marriage to Sophia may bring up the bigamy charge once more. Moreover, if he divorces his first wife in France, she will still be his legal wife in Italy.

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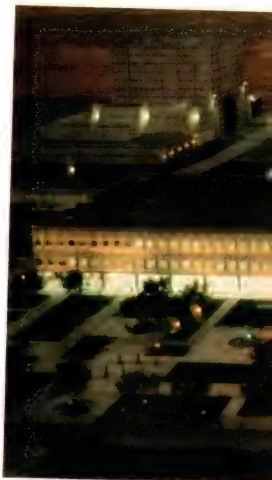
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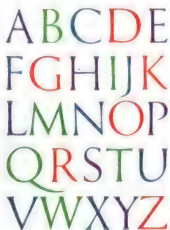
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RELIGION

THEOLOGY

Encounters with God

For Jews and Christians alike, the significance of God's covenant with the Jews is one of history's great theological mysteries. Why did the Creator entrust his revelation to an obscure tribe of ancient Palestine? Why have the chosen people become a nation of exile, torment and holocaust? Just published in the U.S. is one of the century's most profound and moving attempts to unravel the meaning of Judaism: *This People Israel*, by the late Rabbi Leo Baeck (Holt, Rinehart & Winston: \$9.50).

Baeck, who died nine years ago, is revered as a saint of modern Judaism, and as one of the last towering figures of the German Jewish renaissance that produced such men as Freud, Einstein, Kafka and Martin Buber. Born in Prussia, he studied philosophy at the University of Berlin, and as a rabbi in Silesia, Düsseldorf and Berlin emerged as one of Germany's great articulators of Reform Judaism. When Protestant Theologian Adolf von Harnack declared Judaism to be a spiritually inferior faith in his *The Essence of Christianity*, Baeck replied with *The Essence of Judaism*. Baeck defended Judaism as a classical religion, and argued that Christianity became romantic and sentimental

himself; in 1943 he was arrested and sent to the Theresienstadt concentration camp in Czechoslovakia, where his four sisters died. Baeck survived only by accident: the SS assumed that they had liquidated the leader of German Jewry when another rabbi, named Beck, died.

For 21 years at Theresienstadt, Baeck conducted illegal services and seminars at night, took charge of a camp governing body that cared for the sick and the aged. When the camp was liberated, he persuaded the surviving prisoners not to take their vengeance on Nazi officials turned over to them by the Russians. Until his death, at 83, Baeck lived in London, although for five years he commuted to Cincinnati's Hebrew Union College to lecture on Jewish history. The future of Judaism, Baeck believed, lay in the U.S.—the only country in history that has allowed 5,000,000 Jews to live in freedom.

Great Dissenters. Much of *This People Israel*, which was first published in Germany in 1955, was written on scraps of paper at Theresienstadt; yet it is a book that breathes a spirit of peace and hope. Writing a theology of history, Baeck traces the unfolding of Judaism's central concepts—Torah, Talmud, Halacha—from the Exodus to the Nazi holocaust and the creation of modern Israel. The history of Judaism, he says, is a story of a people's encounters with God; the Jews were the first to perceive the unique oneness of God, the first to proclaim that true freedom is only to be found in compliance with the divine will, the first to understand the divine origin and goal of history.

If Jewry is unique, Baeck adds, it is also a surrogate for humanity. Every people is a mystery, and "each is a question which God has asked." God's question speaks stronger in Israel; yet his covenant is not for one nation but for all. "It is the covenant of God with the universe, and therefore with the earth; the covenant of God with humanity and therefore with this people contained in it: the covenant with history and therefore with everyone within it."

ROMAN CATHOLICS

Cardinals & Commissars

A NEW VATICAN LINE FOR SOCIALIST COUNTRIES? asked the Italian Communist weekly *Rinascita* (Rebirth) last week. Or a new Communist line for the Vatican? Currently, Pope Paul VI and his diplomats are busier than usual negotiating with East European regimes, taking advantage of small but subtle indications that satellite Communist governments might consent to give a bit more spiritual breathing room for a portion of the 65 million Roman Catholics behind the Iron Curtain.

Hungary has produced perhaps the most interesting sign of change. Last month, in the party journal *Társadalom*

Szemle (Social Review), Red Theoretician Josef Lukacs, editor of an atheist magazine, argued that "we do not get very far with the old-type atheism and anticlericalism which tried to fight against religion in an abstract manner," and that Communism should cooperate with "well-intentioned religious people" in achieving common social goals.

Lukacs' article seemed to reflect the views of the Kadar government, which last September took a notable step toward normalization of church-state relations by signing an agreement with



DIPLOMAT CASAROLI
A hint of breathing room.

the Vatican allowing it to appoint bishops to a number of sees. Kadar now seems willing to move on from there and provide more freedom for the country's 6,000,000 Catholics. His condition is that Josef Cardinal Mindszenty, who still lives in the U.S. legation on Freedom Square in Budapest, will play no active role in the Hungarian church. The Vatican is reluctant to negotiate any settlement over Mindszenty's head, would like to find a way for the heroic old cardinal to leave the country with peace and honor. Thus negotiations in Hungary, in the words of Monsignor Agostino Casaroli, the Vatican diplomat who arranged the September agreement, "are at the beginning of the beginning." Meanwhile, churches are well-attended.

Yugoslavia (6,000,000 Catholics) offers considerably brighter prospects. The regime has abandoned its intransigent anti-Catholicism since the death in 1960 of Alojzije Cardinal Stepinac; churches are open and full of worshippers, a thriving religious press circulates freely. Yugoslav bishops easily gained travel permits to attend the Vatican Council or make their normal *ad limina* visits to the Pope. Last December, the Yugoslav Communist League Congress

With József Prantner, head of Hungarian state office for church affairs.



RABBI BAECK

A surrogate for humanity.

when it departed from its Hebraic origins. But he acknowledged the importance of Jesus as a Jewish teacher who revered the tradition of the Prophets.

Survival by Accident. In 1933, Baeck became president of the Representative Council of German Jews. He did what little he could to mitigate the hardships of life under the Nazis and arranged for the emigration of more than 40,000 Jews. Baeck refused to go into exile



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dropped its ban on religious practice by party members. A number of government officials formally congratulated Archbishop Franjo Šeper of Zagreb after the announcement that he would be made a cardinal at Pope Paul's consistory next week. Monsignor Casaroli reported that he was "very satisfied" with the results of a recent ten-day visit to Belgrade, and Vatican officials hinted that a formal agreement with Tito might be signed as early as March.

Poland has a church with considerable freedom of operation—thanks to the unshakable faith of the Poles, who are 96.5% Catholic, and the skillful diplomacy of Stefan Cardinal Wyszyński. But the Polish government has imposed heavy taxes on the church, and is trying to limit religious instruction in schools; Wyszyński responds with fiery sermons against Red harassment. Gomułka would like to bypass Wyszyński and establish diplomatic relations with the Vatican, but the cardinal got assurances from the Vatican that it would not negotiate with the Polish government without his consent. He also asked Pope Paul not to name a Pole among the 27 new cardinals; both of the most likely candidates were regarded as more "reformist" than Wyszyński. Church diplomats still seek a formula for discussing church affairs with the Communists without imposing a solution against the will of the most politically astute and successful archbishop in Eastern Europe.

Czechoslovakia (9,000,000 Catholics) has plenty of hard-line Stalinists in government and an old anticlerical tradition. Churches are empty and in poor repair; most of the dioceses are without bishops; priests are still arrested for anti-regime activities. But even here the church's prospects are improving. President Antonín Novotný is eager to touch up the Czech image in the West, and his government was clearly embarrassed when the Pope bestowed a red hat on Prague's Archbishop Josef Beran, now under house arrest. Czech exiles in Rome are preparing Beran's quarters for the consistory, and last week there were rumors that Casaroli had all but completed an agreement with the Reds. Beran would be called to the Curia; in return, the government might allow the Vatican to appoint new bishops and restore certain church properties. Whether the deal is completed seems to depend on how much the Czechs will concede.

Vatican officials see no improvement in countries where persecution of small Catholic minorities has been most severe—Albania, Bulgaria, Rumania, East Germany—and Vatican-Soviet relations are in cold storage. Moreover the church is aware that any concessions offered represent tactical maneuvers, not any real reduction of Marxist hostility to religion. Thus, for the time being, Pope Paul hopes to obtain not a *modus vivendi* but a *modus non moriendi* (a way of not dying).



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SHOW BUSINESS

BROADWAY

The Felled Angel

"I've had my head handed to me three times on Broadway," said TV Producer-Performer David Susskind last year, all the while trying to rationally risk it a fourth time. "In spite of my bruised psyche and against my strong reluctance," he explained. "I auditioned this show and found it a marvelous, lusty, bawdy 1886 piece, with memorable, hummable tunes and inventive lyrics. I flipped. All my Broadway bruises vanished." Until last week.

The show was *Kelly*, based on a legendary jump from the Brooklyn Bridge, and several would-be producers, looking before they leaped, had earlier dropped their options. Undeterred by the fears of other angels, Susskind and his Talent Associates-Paramount, Ltd. rushed in, somehow found \$350,000 lying around. To round out the nut, they talked Columbia Records into ponying up \$50,000 and got the remaining \$250,000 from Producer-Plunger Joseph E. Levine.

Then began the months of rewriting, rehearsing—and recriminations. During the five weeks of tryouts before the premiere, three roles were written out. Three fresh writers and a composer were hysterically summoned, whereupon the original authors sued to enjoin the opening. The New York Supreme Court refused to issue the injunction—thus leaving the case to what turned out to be a hanging jury: the New York reviewers. As Herald Tribune Columnist Dick Schaap summed up the first-night verdict: "Hitler got better notices in World War II." There was no second night, and *Kelly* bombed out. \$650,000 in the red. In the feast-or-famine history of Broadway, there has never been a shorter run for the money.

"I might learn a lot from this," philosophized Producer Levine. But what? For one thing, not to bring in even a musical with such a predictable, pro-

gressionless plot. Nor one with such awful gags or sappy lyrics ("I'll take you where it snows and talk poetic prose"). Among other liabilities: no name star to sell the benefit fringe.

How did so many fatal deficiencies elude the producers? Asking himself, David Susskind found it all "unanswerable." "I have never been so shocked, so surprised in my life. What happened to my taste? Could I be this wrong?" He could.

Do Stars Grow in Brooklyn?

The dream is always the same. The star calls in sick. With only a few moments' notice, the understudy, who has been anonymously hoofing away in the chorus, swallows her fears and bravely belts out the opening number. The hushed audience listens critically, pauses for a heart-stopping blink of a second, and then lustily roars its approval. Another star is born. Of course, everyone knows this has happened a hundred times. But just try naming two headlines who were born that way.

It just may be that Lainie Kazan, 24, was. When Brooklyn-born Lainie signed on as understudy to Barbra Streisand in *Funny Girl*, she was unsure it would last, and promptly developed an ulcer. But she set to work sandwichee in acting lessons, music lessons and a few TV appearances whenever possible. Twice each week she did the show in the understudy rehearsal, but for ten long months Lainie's opening-night shivers had to wait. Healthy and unharmed, Streisand never missed a performance.

Then, two weeks ago, Barbra called in with the good news. She had laryngitis. "So did I," says Lainie, but somehow the understudy who had been anonymously hoofing away in the chorus forgot to mention her illness, swallowed her fears, and bravely belted out the *I'm the Greatest Star* opener. "The few people who had started to

—No kin to Director Elia Kazan



UNDERSTUDY KAZAN

Just waiting was worse than the ulcers.

leave heard me sing and came back," recalls Actress Kazan. At the close of each of her two performances, the audience roared its approval. And so a star was born? Not on your tinpanalley. To begin with, though Kazan's looks and style are remarkably similar, she is a lot of work away from being a second Streisand.

But something was started. That day Manhattan's Basin Street East booked her for a 21-week run in April. And Colpix Records signed her to do four songs. By last week two or three other offers were in the talk stage. After Kazan's two fill-in stints, Streisand had wired: WE WERE TOLD TREES GROW IN BROOKLYN BUT WE KNOW BETTER. STARS DO. Maybe yes and maybe no. GROW is the operative word. Trees are not simply born either.

THEATER ABROAD

Ploy, Friend

Sandy Wilson, whose musical *The Boy Friend* (1954) was one of the few exceptions to the rule that a British musical is at best a sort of muted crumpet, has updated the old *Boy* by ten years. The sequel, now playing the West End, is called *Divorce Me, Darling* and spoofs the very same characters. In this one, however, the time is the 1930s rather than the '20s, and all the pretty young flappers have become sophisticated, cheating wives. The songs and routines are primarily parodies—of Cole and Noel, Fred and Ginger—and occasionally they are hang-on. But too often the emeritus flappers' old boop-boop-a-doop has gone poop: Wilson would do well to retire them before they are ready for *The Old Man Friend*.



PRODUCER SUSSKIND

Even Hitler got better notices.



A corner of the Duke of Devonshire's garden. Britain's gardeners are happy to exchange tips.

Britain's stately homes invite you to catch Spring fever in a dance of daffodils

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even have the libraries all to yourself. Some people say Chatsworth has the most valuable private library in the world.

Other mansions, other treasures: Titians and Rembrandts at Luton Hoo. Sèvres porcelain at Harewood House. El Greco and Goya at Barnard Castle. Gobelin tapestries at Weston Park.

In April, 416 of Britain's stately homes will throw open their lodge gates. Ask your travel agent to pinpoint them on a map. Or write for a free travel planning kit.

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For all we know, a beaver may consider the building of dams as nothing but fun. A bottle-nosed dolphin, on the other hand, may regard his frolic with grim determination.

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Bermuda

EDUCATION

UNIVERSITIES

Learning on the Seven Seas

The University of the Seven Seas is a school that really gets around. Last week its shipboard campus was in San Francisco after a 110-day, 22,000-mile "semester cruise" around the world with 270 students and 45 faculty members. Its accreditation, the university admits, remains "tentative," and its course credits are refused for transfer by most other U.S. universities. Students do not seem to care. The experience of cruising on the university's chartered Holland-America liner *Seven Seas* is "worth it, and the loss of credits is not sufficient reason to stay at home," says one.

Founded in 1959 by President William T. Hughes, a Whittier, Calif., businessman, in cooperation with some of his local fellow Rotarians, the school has thus far organized three floating semesters, and is planning a fourth, beginning next October. Courses include the standard liberal arts and sciences, plus "Advanced Fundamental Skills," which teaches "swimming, dancing, weight training, judo, wrestling, fencing," and Course 300, a "historical overview of the European origin of sports, games and gymnastics." The daily schedule of five hours of classwork had its problems. "You'd be writing an exam, and your chair would be sliding across the deck," says Roberta Mount, 18, of Hayward, Calif.

During the 49 days spent in 18 ports of call, the students went on field trips. Dena Lambie, 22, of Menlo Park, Calif., is rapturous over discovering the Orient and swimming with new-found Egyptian friends in the Nile. "I skied in Japan, saw the bullfights in Spain, and went Honda riding in Greece," recalls Janice Cope, 22, of Fresno, Calif.

Manila offered the students a cock-fight. Ceylon a performance by the Kandyan dancers. The semester trip, plus 17 course credits, cost \$2,500 to \$3,000, depending on accommodations.

On the whole, say *Seven Seas* officials, there were no more disciplinary problems than landlubber schools have. On the first jaunt, by the time the ship reached Hong Kong, three girls and one boy had been "asked to leave" for drinking and sex offenses. During the recently completed semester, two professors were let go: one, who lectured on hashish, was dismissed after some of his subject was found aboard; the other had violated university rules by entertaining students at jazz and beer parties in his office on the ship's fantail. All in all, says Roberta Mount, "it's really an educational trip."

Where Girls Are Inconvenient

The judgment that ministers should be men led America's early universities, which were essentially seminaries, to refuse admission to girls. Coeducation did not start until 1837, when Oberlin let some women in. By the turn of the century, Columbia's President Nicholas Murray Butler thought the battle for coeducation had been fought and won: "The American people have settled the matter. Why discuss it further?"

Yet discuss it further is just what the student daily at all-male Princeton has lately been trying to do. "Coeducation is the solution for Princeton's social illness," argues the *Daily Princetonian*. Last week the paper got a chilly reply—no—from President Robert F. Goheen. Letting girls into the university, he said, might "solve some problems, but it would create others."

In point of fact, girls do attend Princeton: ten of them are enrolled in undergraduate language courses and

live off-campus in a house with an unlisted phone. This 320-to-1 boy-girl ratio only goes to stress that Princeton is the nation's most conspicuous holdout against women. The objection is no longer theological, or even philosophical. It's just that Princeton considers girls so terribly inconvenient. The university is committed to hold down enrollment to about the present level of 3,000. To let in girls would mean driving out boys—and already four well-qualified boys are turned away for every one admitted.

At least some students at coed Duke University share Goheen's doubts. In a letter to the *Daily Princetonian*, three disillusioned Duke males cited "the facts: Females having the required intellectual aptitudes to compete successfully in your classrooms will not exactly measure up to the dreams you entertain while reading *Playboy*." The number of girls admitted to Princeton would necessarily be only a fraction of the male enrollment, they pointed out, so competition for their favors would make the males feel as though they were "trying to get into a free exhibit at the New York World's Fair."

Yale College stands with Princeton—for reasons best expressed by the late President A. Whitney Griswold who remarked that the school might consider coeducation if it had \$50 million to spare. On the other hand, Yale's graduate schools enroll 800 women. Harvard has long since gone coed and likes it. "Women are people, and they're here to stay," says Harvard College Dean John Monro. Harvard began admitting Radcliffe girls to its classes during World War II, eventually abolished separate courses. Since coeducation came gradually, it did not require any major policy changes. Coeducation, says Monro, "proved to be a pleasant, civilized way to do things. My message to Yale and Princeton, when they are ready, is 'Come on in, the water's fine.'"



STOPOVER IN PORT SAID

After skiing in Japan and dunking in the Nile, who cares about credits?



WORLD PROBLEMS CLASS ON DECK

SCIENCE

SPACE

Shifting Orbits

Military satellites will be of little use unless they can change their orbits nimbly—either for evasion or positive action. Such skills are not easily built into rockets, but last week the Air Force launched a Titan III A to show that the task is all but done. The three-stage rocket took off from Cape Kennedy and climbed to slightly more than 100 miles before the "transtage" (third stage) fired briefly and accelerated itself into a near-circular orbit. Then, 90 minutes after launch, when the transtage had almost girdled the earth and was over the California coast, its engine fired for 37 seconds to put it into a climbing curve toward a new orbit. After circling the earth for three hours on an elliptical path ranging from 101 miles to 1,536 miles high, the engine fired a third time, parking the transtage in a third, almost circular orbit, near the high point of the ellipse.

The vehicle then ejected two secondary satellites. One was a dummy payload with 1,000 lbs. of ballast; the other, a 69-lb. communications satellite, was supposed to fire its own little rocket engine and climb to 11,000 miles. The engine did not fire, but this fringe failure hardly diminished the orbit-shifting accomplishment. At week's end, satellite and Titan fragments were circling the earth in an orbit that may go on for 2,000 years.

If they are to serve as earth-circling military vehicles, later Titans will have to refine their orbit shifting still more. Besides changing altitudes, they will need the ability to skitter sideways, a difficult maneuver. Another job for Titan IIIs may be to boost the Air Force's two-man satellite laboratory into orbit.

Another space vehicle performed equally agilely. Mariner IV, which started on its 7½-month journey to Mars on



BIOCHEMIST HAAGEN-SMIT AT WORK
Those rush-hour slowdowns are poison.

Nov. 28, and will reach its target in mid-July, got a cautious checkup as electronic medics at the Jet Propulsion Laboratory in Pasadena asked it twelve searching radio questions. With three-minute delays to permit the radio waves to cover 33 million miles at the speed of light, the answers came back clearly. The far-ranging spacecraft never felt better. All 38 parts of the TV apparatus that are scheduled to take pictures of Mars are in working order.

JPL also instructed Mariner IV to remove the camera's lens cap. The spacecraft obeyed, but the scientists kept their fingers crossed. Mariner IV steers itself by a star, Canopus, and they were afraid that microscopic dust particles released along with the lens cap might shine like stars in the sunlight and confuse the Canopus sensor. This did not happen: the spacecraft continued to cruise toward Mars, its sensor serenely fixed on its guiding star.

CHEMISTRY

Monoxide Rides the Freeways

Dutch-born Biochemist Arie Jan Haagen-Smit of Caltech, a Los Angeles city consultant on air pollution, has been doing his research while riding the Los Angeles-Pasadena freeway. His ancient Plymouth rigged with a portable carbon monoxide detector, he has sampled the tainted atmosphere at all times of day. As far out as Pasadena, the detector shows fairly clean air, but as soon as Haagen-Smit hits the freeway the deadly monoxide begins to climb. Quickly it passes 30 parts per million, which California smog authorities consider serious pollution.

Stink at Interchanges. Saturdays are not so bad: the cruising sniffer can drive all the way downtown without seeing the needle push above 40 p.p.m. During weekday rush hours, though, it sometimes hits a peak of 120 p.p.m. "It is most exciting," says Haagen-Smit. "You get behind another car, and the

pointer goes way up, especially where you have a slowdown of traffic." Top readings come at the nightmarish interchanges, where curling roadways tangle like spaghetti on a fork and hundreds of car engines pant in frustration. "Tunnels and depressions concentrate the carbon monoxide," says the professor, "but in that interchange area it's really stinking."

Carbon monoxide is a cumulative poison that has a strong affinity for the hemoglobin in the blood, putting it out of action and reducing the blood's power to carry oxygen to the body's tissues. "If you breathe 30 p.p.m. for eight hours," says Haagen-Smit, "5% of the oxygen capacity of your blood is taken away." Exposure to the highest concentrations found on the freeways knocks out the same amount of hemoglobin in one hour, and Haagen-Smit believes that 5% loss is too much, especially for car commuters with heart ailments, emphysema or other respiratory troubles.

No Filters Work. Nothing much can be done at present about carbon monoxide except to stay out of heavy traffic. Greater Los Angeles has almost no transportation except private cars. "No filters work against carbon monoxide," says Haagen-Smit, "and closing the windows may be dangerous." He reports that in one tightly closed test car with a faulty exhaust, the interior carbon monoxide jumped to 200 p.p.m. He hopes a little improvement will come next fall from new cars equipped with devices to reduce carbon monoxide in their exhausts.

Worst affected by exhaust fumes are the eager tailgaters who cause the many-car pile-ups for which the freeways are famous. "The way to get the biggest dose," says Haagen-Smit, "is to keep as close as one can to the car ahead of you. The fellow who does that gets the most carbon monoxide, also the most lead, oxides of nitrogen, carcinogens, everything."





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ART

PAINTING

Literary Collage

"For me, books are what trees are for the landscape painter," says Ronald B. Kitaj, 32, an American expatriate who nearly rules Britannia's new wave of painters. His studio is a library in London, where he keeps pamphlets and books open for perusal while he paints. He appends long bibliographies to his show catalogues, and has even convinced British revenue agents that his book purchases are tax-deductible business expenses.

Erasmus' Doodles. All of this makes Kitaj (pronounced Ki-eye) pop's most literary painter. After soup cans and

with the paperwork of mass communications. There are doodles drawn from Erasmus' notebooks, titles that refer to obscure Marxist-Leninist deviationists. In one corner of his *An Early Europe* is pasted the source photograph of neoclassical nudes that inspired the painting's composition. He will borrow an economist's catch phrase, *The Production of Waste*, to title a 1963 oil showing a trio of allegorical figures chopped up like news photos of poverty, stupidity and avarice. "My pictures are a compendium of disparate imagery," he says, "mixing sweet subjects with sour ones."

Cleveland-born Kitaj is largely self-taught. He began shipping out on cargo

redolent of something you know outside the painting."

In *The Ohio Gang*, he shows how well he can perform without the aid of verbal asides. There his figures act out a silent drama: a two-faced lowlife extends his hands to a sensuous nude as if she were a manicurist, while a wet nurse in open brassiere wraps a ribbon through the girl's hair. Harsh, disjointed architecture unsettles the scene. It is no longer important that Kitaj has combined figures from German and French anatomical discourses with an English pram. For him, this painting conjures up his native state and the curious syndrome in American literature—you can't go home again. His real subjects are violence, alienation, social misery and loneliness.

GRAPHICS

The Expert's Expert

Cheaper by the dozen, graphics once were not considered refined enough to be one of the fine arts. With the coming of this century, they were generally a means to make posters, illustrations and other *hoi polloi* images. Most serious artists would scoff at making them in preference to oils. People did buy "collector's prints," fussy perfect etchings of architecture and landscapes that reflected more a mania for the historic past than for the present scene. But that was no more serious than collecting cut glass. The exploding market for modern art has destroyed that indifference.

For the modest collector, prints offer all the pleasure of owning an original at a bargain rate, and the artists have responded by turning out prints that rank among their most important work. Few men realized the brahminization of graphics faster than Jakob Rosenberg, now 71, former print curator of the Berlin State Museum and of Harvard's Fogg Museum, and now in semiretirement, teaching at Williams College. A steady scholar who can and has separated many a Rembrandt from a replica by its brush work, Rosenberg is called "the expert's expert" by Fogg Director John Coolidge. His students are the print experts of the U.S., and he has been affectionately called "Saint Jakob." His final exhibition of 166 modern prints (see color pages), currently on view at Harvard, is not only a tribute to a century of graphic revolution, but also the result of dead-end decision.

Brightness from Stone. For a paltry budget of \$300 a year, Rosenberg has assembled an unsurpassed teaching collection of modern prints since his appointment as a Fogg curator in 1939. All of the works in the show—two-thirds of which were acquired over the years by Rosenberg—have increased tenfold in value. A Kirchner woodcut bought in 1945 for \$90 is now worth \$2,000. Klee's 1923 lithograph, *Tight-rope Walker*, cost him \$40, and now would command 15 times the price.

A prime cause of the 20th century



KITAJ & "THE OHIO GANG"
Madcap memorabilia.

Cinemascope cartoons, critics found his collages of madcap memorabilia, portraiture and complex puns refreshing. In 1963, London's Times even went so far as to declare that his first one-man show had put "the whole new wave of figurative painting in this country in perspective." This left up in the air the question of how much of Kitaj's charm lies in his witty verbal play, how much in his agile draftsmanship and startling colorism. Last week Kitaj was back in the U.S. for the first time in nine years, presiding over his first New York show, 72 works covering eight years, at Manhattan's Marlborough-Gerson Gallery. If buyers did not understand all his allusions, they certainly liked his work. By the end of the week, private collectors and museums had bought or put reserves on most everything.

More than most pop, Kitaj throws the hook at the viewer. He believes Francis Bacon the greatest British painter since Gainsborough, and endorses his statement that "Art is a game by which man distracts himself." And Kitaj provides enough puns and anagrams for a month of Sundays. His paintings are a kind of litterbug's playground, scattered

vessels at age 17, read voraciously during long voyages, and his art reflects his random, eclectic learning. As consummate technique, Kitaj's paintings bear the skill of a man who stayed ashore long enough to spend five years variously at Manhattan's Cooper Union, Vienna's Academy of Fine Art, Oxford University's Ruskin School of Drawing and London's Royal College of Art. He can coalesce flat forms with rounded ones, switch from silhouette to transparency with deft sleights of brush.

Curious Syndrome. Kitaj's visual skill spares him from making just word games. He is coming to realize that source dropping can become as precious—and boring—as name dropping. As he could learn from another expatriate, the late T. S. Eliot, it is the poetry, not the footnotes, that made *The Waste Land* great. Kitaj himself admits that most of his catalogue explanations are, he cheerfully confesses, "Red herrings." Though he greatly admires the work of DeKooning, Kline and Pollock, he objects to total abstraction. "I'm likely to be moved by what is peripheral to the picture itself," says Kitaj. "You can't make a mark on a canvas that's not

THE CENTURY OF GRAPHIC REVOLUTION

PABLO PICASSO

Three sheets of linoleum, gouged out and inked, were used to print sombre colors of this 1962 still life.



HENRI MATISSE

In a 1947 series, *Jazz*, color stencils were combined to make cut-out forms evoking musical chords.





WASSILY KANDINSKY

During his first year of teaching at the Bauhaus in 1922, the artist hardened his free forms into a study of point and line.



EDVARD MUNCH

In 1899 the Norwegian painter laboriously carved five wood blocks to lay on the five colors combined in *Seascape*.



GEORGES BRAQUE

Taking advantage of lithography's flatness, 1946 *Hélios V* makes a cool blue emblem of the sun god's hot chariot.

JOAN MIRÓ

His surrealist, childlike scrawls produce raised textures, similar to his ceramics, in his 1958 etching titled *The Foresters*.



KIDDERLYNCH MUSEUM



KIDDERLYNCH MUSEUM

MARINO MARINI

The Italian sculptor uses only three colors in his 1953 lithograph that compares horse and human anatomy.



KIDDERLYNCH MUSEUM



GRAHAM SUTHERLAND

This British artist, who designed the Coventry Cathedral tapestry, recalls heraldic banners in this 1954 lithograph, *Bird*.



MARC CHAGALL

He has so amply mastered lithography that this 1948 fantasia called *Shaharazad's Night*, where lovers coo under

ministering wings of a huge bird, looks as lushly speckled and stroked with color as if it had been done in oils.

print renaissance is that artists learned to exploit graphic methods less in imitation of oil painting and more for their own unique potentialities. In woodcuts, gouging against the grain brought out severe voids and sharp forms whose angularity and deep biting technique excited the expressionists. Edvard Munch was one of the first to carve the agony of his tormented visions from wood lithography, a fluid method of drawing on stone to yield bright, matte contours of color, appealed to painters who wished to abandon depth for the challenges of surface arrangements. Kandinsky employed it to probe the relation of point and line to the picture plane.

By Line & Stencil. For much of his chameleon career, Picasso regarded graphics as another kind of drawing, but the pure lines contrasting with hard



JAKOB ROSENBERG

Decades of deadeye decision.

planes of his late linoleum cuts bring out his simplification of nature in a sharper manner than his oils. Matisse found that his late, swimming arabesques could be better executed by stencils than by brush bristles. Miro learned that his love of texture was readily brought out by the relief in paper of etching. In Chagall's 13 editions on the *Arabian Nights*, he found that colors of lithography achieved a brazen Oriental romance that oils would have subdued with their filmy translucence.

Rosenberg's parting selection originates from Norway to Mexico, from 1899 to 1962. From the looks of it, the revolution is not over. Pop art's precursor, Robert Rauschenberg, found a way to reproduce and overlap news photographs of lifeboat survivors and crowd scenes in his blue 1962 lithograph, *Stunt Man I*. Each of an edition of 37 now costs upwards of \$200, if one can be found. Though no longer so cheap, graphics are still finer for many than are oils. There may be no end to Saint Jakob's ladder.



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MEDICINE

INFECTIOUS DISEASES

One-Shot Vaccine for Measles

Many a mother still believes that measles is one of those unavoidable childhood illnesses and amounts to nothing more than a seven-day siege of spots and fever with no lasting ill effects, but doctors know better. Every year, thousands or tens of thousands of children develop pneumonia from measles, and many of them die. Even worse is the fate of many of the 4,000 or so each year who develop encephalitis and do not die but are doomed to spend the rest of their lives in homes for the mentally retarded. Between its killing and crippling effects, measles has always been a more serious disease than polio ever was. And the sad truth is, Surgeon General Luther Terry of the U.S. Public Health Service reported last week, that U.S. doctors have failed to convince parents that all children should be vaccinated against measles.

Live & Dead. Hope for wholesale measles shots has just been boosted by the announcement that Indianapolis' Pitman-Moore Division of the Dow Chemical Co. has now begun to market a one-shot vaccine that is expected to give lifelong immunity. The virus used in the new vaccine is derived from the famed Edmonston strain used by Harvard's Nobel-prizewinning Virologist John F. Enders (*TIME* Cover, Nov. 17, 1961), but new research has added many advantages. When the attenuated virus in Enders' vaccine remained strong enough to give the required immunity, it was also strong enough to give many children what amounted to a slight case of measles, with a mild rash and some fever. A later vaccine made with killed virus took two or three injections to build immunity of uncertain length. Doctors' preferences varied between giving a shot of the live vaccine with a shot of gamma globulin to reduce side effects, or giving one or more shots of killed vaccine, then one of the live. In the confusion, only 7,000,000 U.S. children have been vaccinated, which leaves 20 million susceptible youngsters.

Never Twice. The Pitman-Moore vaccine offers a way out of the dilemma. After nurturing scores of "generations" of Enders' bug, Dr. Anton J. F. Schwarz now grows the final product in cultures of cells from virus-free eggs. When injected into a child, it causes no rash or fever; the Public Health Service's hypercritical Division of Biologics Standards is satisfied that the vaccine contains no contaminating viruses. New York University's Dr. Saul Krugman reports that 21 years of testing indicate that one injection confers just as solid immunity as the natural disease. "That means it should be good for life," he said. "You don't get measles twice."

Asked whether immunization of all



VIROLOGIST SCHWARZ
Good for life.

first-graders at a cost of about \$24 million would stamp out measles in six years. Chicago's Dr. Morten Andelman answered: "It could be done sooner, and for less." Even \$24 million would be less than the current annual cost of care for the mentally retarded victims of measles encephalitis.

EPIDEMIOLOGY

A Hodgkin's Clue?

Doctors still do not know whether Hodgkin's disease is a tumor caused by infection or a true cancer resulting from changes in the reproductive mechanism of cells in the lymphatic system. And because of their inability to decide between these two theories, they grasp at every straw that may offer a clue to the cause of the disease. Such a clue has been reported by the University of Texas Medical Branch in Galveston: two medical students who lived in the same room, but at different times, developed Hodgkin's disease within a few months, or possibly weeks. Could that mean that Hodgkin's is infectious?

The fortunate fact that Hodgkin's is a relatively rare disease (3,300 deaths a year in the U.S.) makes it tough for epidemiologists to answer such questions. They have at last figured out that if one member of a family has Hodgkin's, the chance that close relatives will get it is about three times greater than normal. But when such related cases occur, are they the result of inherited factors, or of infection, or just coincidence? As for the students, the two men were unrelated and did not even come from the same town.

Student No. 1 enrolled at Galveston in September of 1961, and was soon

rushed by Student No. 2, a second-year man, for his fraternity. After that they saw little of each other because Student No. 2 lived in the fraternity house, while No. 1 lived off the campus with his wife. But when No. 2 went away for a few weeks in early 1962, No. 1 moved into his dormitory room. It is now clear that No. 2 was then already showing the first signs of Hodgkin's and No. 1's case developed six months later.

"The room still contained most of Student 2's belongings," says Dr. W. K. George in *College Health*. "and it is probable that the bed linens had not been changed." The researchers are not convinced that Hodgkin's—a baffling disease marked by periodic fevers and lassitude—can be transmitted in any such obvious fashion. But the facts are reminiscent of an earlier observation: in 1960, in a large group of Hodgkin's victims in Germany, every patient was found to have been previously infected with an ornithosis virus like that of psittacosis (parrot fever). In the Galveston case, the researchers say, "our two patients could easily have had opportunity for infection from pigeons, which were often just outside the window of their upper-story room." If a virus like that of psittacosis can be proved to initiate cell changes in Hodgkin's, both theories about the origin of the disease will be neatly fitted together and proved right.

DRUGS

Wringing Out the Water

In many disorders of the heart, lungs, liver and kidneys, one of the most troublesome symptoms is the ancient complaint "the dropsy"—retention of salt and water so that the patient becomes bloated with brine. If the victim already has heart trouble, the edema will make it worse. In the mildest cases, cutting out salt may be adequate treatment. For more severe cases, a variety of chemicals is available. But some patients become resistant to any one medicine, so they have to switch prescriptions, and doctors eventually run out of alternatives.

For all the assorted dropsy remedies at their command, doctors are delighted that they soon may have still another. Ethacrynic acid, a synthetic compound discovered in 1960, has a dramatic diuretic effect even in patients who do not respond to other drugs, says a research team at Manhattan's Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center. It can be taken by mouth or, if necessary, injected. Its effects complement or enhance those of other diuretics, so that in critical cases doctors can give two medicines together for double the effect or more. Ethacrynic acid also seems to work in patients suffering from some degree of kidney failure. When the Food and Drug Administration approves the drug for general prescription use, Merck Sharp & Dohme expects to market it under the name Edecrin.

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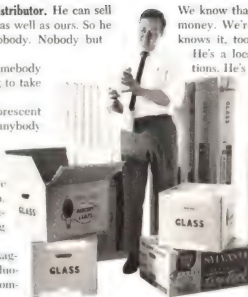
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COLLEGE BASKETBALL

Providence Provides

The little Roman Catholic school in New England was not even a minor-league basketball power. With only 2,100 students, Providence College played in a high school gymnasium against equally obscure teams, rarely rated a line outside the local papers. Then a touring Notre Dame squad made the mistake of paying a courtesy call, and was upset 85 to 83 on a 44-ft. shot at the buzzer. That was nine years ago, and since then nothing has been quite the same in Providence.

As of last week, Coach Joe Mullaney's Providence Friars had won 197 games and lost only 56 in ten years. They have won two National Invitation Tournament championships (1961 and 1963), supplied the pros with such players as New York's Johnny Egan, St. Louis' Len Wilkens and Boston's John Thompson. But as they moved into this season, the odds were that their record would dwindle. Only one starter was still around from last year's squad that won 20 games and went to the N.C.A.A. playoffs. None of the preseason polls picked Providence to finish among the nation's top ten teams—or even among the top 20.

Yet last week the Friars were ranked No. 4—and even that seemed like an accident. With all five starters scoring in double figures, they spotted Duquesne a 12-point lead in the first half, roared back to win their 18th straight game 83 to 75—thereby remaining the only unbeaten major college team in the U.S.

Accidents Will Happen. To hear Coach Mullaney tell it, the whole thing is an accident. A onetime Holy Cross star ("I used to feed Bob Cousy"), he long ago gave up hope of competing for big-name high school players: "We hope

to find diamonds in the rough," he says. One day he was chatting amiably with the mother of a freshman named Billy Blair, when Mrs. Blair blurted out "Billy's a fine player, but have you ever heard of Jim Walker?" Then, in Laurinburg, N.C., a prep school principal assured Mullaney: "Walker is a fine boy. Since he and Dexter Westbrook arrived, our team has had a 49-1 record."

Last year Walker and Westbrook led Providence's freshman team to its first unbeaten season in seven years. This year they are the most precocious pair of sophomores in college ball. Walker, a 6-ft. 3-in. guard, is the team's top scorer at 20.7 points a game; Westbrook, a 6-ft. 7-in. center, averages eleven rebounds per game, is the key man in the Friars' pro-type pivot offense. And Junior Blair, whose mother started the whole thing, is no less a whiz: he is averaging 14.2 points a game, and against Iowa (which later knocked off national champion U.C.L.A.) he calmly tossed in two free throws with 17 sec. left to give Providence a 71-70 victory.

Right Combination. Defense is really Mullaney's brand of basketball. He developed the "combination," one of the most complicated defenses in modern basketball. Mullaney calls it "a man-to-man defense with zone principles." The Friars start out playing in a normal man-to-man fashion, but when rival players drive toward the basket, the shorter front men trade them off to the taller deep men—instead of following them in. The idea basically is to nullify a size disadvantage by forcing the other team to shoot from the outside, where height is relatively valueless. "We aren't a big team," says Mullaney, "so we have to try different things"—and lately he has been alternating his combination with a zone press, in which the Providence defenders pounce on the attack-

ers as soon as they reach mid-court, trying to force wild throws that can be intercepted.

"Every team we play is loose. They know that all they have to do is beat us to get their names in the papers," Mullaney says, and he is so exhausted by tension that he has trouble staying awake. His boys do not seem to be worried at all. In the locker room before a game, they lounge around listening to rock 'n' roll on Billy Blair's tape recorder. Finally Mullaney stands up, snaps off the recorder. "Let's go," he says. "We've got some work to do."

GOLF

Heaven in the Cup

Every golfer knows that when he gets to heaven he will boom his way around St. Peter's Royal and Ancient Golf Club in 18 magnificently perfect strokes. While he's waiting, though, he'll happily settle for a little bit of heaven on earth: a hole in one.

He'll probably get it too. Something like 300,000 U.S. golfers already have holes in one to their credit, and no fewer than 11,774 new aces were recorded in 1964 alone. The odds against just any amateur's getting one are computed at 6,000 to 1. But the lightning can strike willy-nilly. Last year's initiates included an 84-year-old retired businessman from California (No. 8 iron, 110-yd. hole), a nine-year-old Little Leaguer from North Carolina (No. 3 iron, 157-yd. hole), and a Texas housewife who was eight months pregnant when she dubbed a No. 6-iron shot into the cup on a 125-yd. hole.

For Wheaties & Rolls. The ace of aces was Norman Manley, a long-hitting four-handicapper from Inglewood, Calif., who scored three in a month—all on par-four holes, of 330, 330 and 290 yds. Then there was Harry Poli, 56, who plays with a putter exclusively and holed out his 150-yd. tee shot last June at the Salem, Mass., Municipal



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Golf Course. At Mission Hills Golf Club in Northbrook, Ill., members are still shaking their heads over the golfer who topped his drive on the 15th tee and rolled it into the cup, 175 yds. away.

That plunk in the cup just starts the fun. First, the lucky golfer has to buy drinks for everybody in the clubhouse. (If he has been thoughtful enough to buy hole-in-one insurance at \$2 a year, the insurance company will pick up the tab.) The newspapers run the story; gifts start arriving in the mail. In the old days, it was a case of Wheaties or a carton of Life Savers. Nowadays there are certificates, medals, highball glasses, ashtrays, barometers. The earth-shaking event is duly recorded by *Golf Digest*, which gives away clothes and golfing trips to the winners of its annual Hole-in-One Sweepstakes. Last summer Harrah's Club at Lake Tahoe, Nev., ran its own hole-in-one contest, and the winner had his choice of three prizes: a Rolls-Royce, a Ferrari, or "His and Hers" Jaguars. Al Reale, a restaurant owner from San Leandro, Calif., was the winner; he chose the Rolls. The U.S. Golf Association warned Reale that he would lose his amateur status if he took the car. That Al's no amateur.

Beyond Belief. When a pro aces, it's kind of ho-hum. The world-record holder of holes in one, Art Wall has 35 aces to his credit after 16 years on the tour—and has yet to make a dime out of any of them. "I don't even talk about it," he says morosely. Neither does Jerry Krueger, a California pro, who got his fourth in last week's Bob Hope Desert Classic. The trouble was that he shot it on the seventh hole in the third round. The Chrysler people were offering a convertible to anybody who scored an ace, but it had to come on the 17th hole in the fifth round—in front of the TV cameras. At that point, poor Jerry wasn't even around to take a swing at it; he had missed the cut. Jerry Barber put one in for the cameras at the 1962 Buick Open, and won himself a new Buick, then cagily asked if he could please wait until the new models came out before picking up his prize.

All told, there have been 82 aces on the pro tour in the last five years, which means that the odds on some golfer's holding out his tee shot in any P.G.A. tournament are only about 23 to 1. Lloyd's of London should have looked up the odds when they insured a \$50,000 hole-in-one prize for the Palm Springs Golf Classic. In 1960, the tournament sponsors paid a premium of \$4,500, and Joe Campbell scored an ace. In 1961, Lloyd's hiked it to \$13,500, and Don January scored a hole in one. In 1962, the rate soared to \$18,800, and Dick Mayer took home the bacon. Finally, with Lloyd's out \$113,200 and the tournament sponsors out \$36,800 in premiums, the whole thing was called off. Not that Lloyd's was chicken, of course, if they can figure out some new ground rules, they may try again next year.



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MILESTONES

Married. Michael Chaplin, 18, Charlie's eldest son by Fourth Wife Oona O'Neill, himself a Beatle-haired London drama student; and Patricia Johns, 25, London bit-part actress; in a civil ceremony; in Edinburgh, Scotland, where the legal age is 16, thus getting around Daddy's refusal to give permission. Mom did not seem to mind; she was only 18 when she married Charlie.

Married. Ringo Starr, 24, noisiest (drums) Beatle of them all, and Maureen Cox, 18, a Liverpool hairdresser, his home-town girl for the last three years; in a civil ceremony; in London. When they put their heads together, what with his mop-top and her page-boy, it was a trifle difficult to tell which was which.

Divorced. Lauritz Melchior, 74, retired patriarch of Wagnerian tenors; by Mary Markham, 40, once his secretary, now a top Hollywood booking agent, whom he married last May, 15 months after the death of his second wife; on grounds of extreme mental cruelty; in Santa Monica, Calif. Settlement: \$20,000 in cash, with another \$80,000 to follow upon Melchior's death.

Died. Wayne Estes, 21, Utah State University basketball star, this season's second highest college scorer (just behind Miami's Rick Barry) with an average 33.7 points per game, a 6-ft, 6-in. senior who in his last game, a 91-62 win over Denver, netted 48 points to achieve his goal of scoring 2,000 points (he got 2,001); of electrocution two hours later when he stopped to help at an auto accident, bumped his head into a high-voltage wire dangling 6 ft. 5 in. from the ground; in Logan, Utah.

Died. Augusto Frederico Schmidt, 58, Brazilian poet, politician and entrepreneur, a smalltime merchant's son who wormed his way into Rio society with critically acclaimed verse, through his contacts built up a huge business complex (15 supermarkets in Rio alone), in the 1950s became President Juscelino Kubitschek's top speech writer and the brains behind his "Operation Pan America," forerunner of the Alliance of a heart attack; in Rio.

Died. William Bitt, 79, longtime (1923-50) president of Philadelphia's S.K.F. half-bearing empire, who as a National Defense adviser in 1940 blew the whistle on U.S. industry's initial "business as usual" policy, snorting "you can't stop a fleet of tanks with a row of electric ice boxes," later as deputy commissioner of the War Production Board under Donald Nelson swiftly commandeered the essential raw materials needed to get history's biggest arms buildup under way in quick time; of a stroke; in Delray Beach, Fla.



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U.S. BUSINESS

MONEY

Balancing Act

Along among the major nations, the U.S. has permitted its citizens to spend, lend and invest their money freely almost anywhere in the world. This unshackled capitalism has helped dozens of foreign economies, brought the U.S. worldwide economic power and prestige, and earned considerable profit for American industry. In one sense, clearly, the free outflow of capital is a distinctly asset. In another, it is an increasingly serious problem, since it is a major source of the U.S.'s payments deficit and the cause of its stepped-up loss of gold.

Last week Lyndon Johnson took both aspects into account with a balance-of-payments message aimed at lessening the payments problem without sharply restricting capital movements. The message was milder than many had expected. Another example of Johnson compromise, it combined some moderate restraints on the flow of dollars abroad with an appeal to the patriotism of U.S. industry. "The contribution of American capital to the world's growth and prosperity has been immense," said Johnson. "But our balance-of-payments deficit leaves me no choice." Since the U.S. feels that it cannot make major cuts in foreign aid or military spending abroad without endangering its security, the President concentrated on three main areas:

- **TOURISM.** The biggest public impact will be caused by Johnson's proposal to cut the amount of duty-free goods that U.S. tourists may bring home from \$100 at wholesale value to \$50 at retail value. Whisky, rugs, custom-made suits and other goods, which can now be

shipped home as part of a tourist's duty-free allotment, henceforth will be taxed regardless of whether the tourist has spent his allotment. Projected dollar savings about \$100 million a year.

- **INTEREST RATES.** The strongest business impact will come as a result of Johnson's order that banks and other lenders will have to pay a tax of 1% to 2.75% on their long-term loans to foreign borrowers. This order will be backed up by the Government pressure on bankers to reduce their short-term foreign loans. Expected savings: more than \$1 billion a year.

- **FOREIGN INVESTMENT.** The most difficult of the proposals to realize will be Johnson's call "to enlist the leaders of American business in a national campaign to limit their direct investments abroad, their deposits in foreign banks and their holding of foreign financial assets" until the payments deficit has been redressed.

Johnson thus refused, despite the pressures of events and of many of his advisers, to attack the problem head-on with a strongly restrictive message. The U.S. gold stock dwindled by another \$150 million last week, falling below \$15 billion for the first time since 1939, and France's Charles de Gaulle was intent on making more mischief for the dollar (see *World Business*). Johnson's advisers divided into "Hawks," who wanted to take strong measures to counter the payments deficit, and "Doves," who felt that stern restrictions would damage the nation. Johnson heeded the Doves, among them Commerce Secretary John Connor and President Donald C. Cook of American Electric Power Co., a prime Johnson adviser who will become Secretary of the Treasury this spring when Douglas Dillon leaves.

Rather than concentrate only on the negative aspects of the payments problem, the Johnson Administration plans some positive steps to attract foreign funds to the U.S. to balance the outflow of dollars. To narrow the tourist gap—U.S. travelers last year left more than \$2 billion abroad v. \$1.1 billion spent by foreigners visiting the U.S.—the Government will step up its promotion to lure more travelers from abroad. Among the latest features: \$99 bus tickets good for unlimited travel through the nation. To woo more foreign investors, the Administration plans to give them tax breaks on their U.S. stock market profits.

Too Vague. Businessmen were clearly relieved that the program was not tougher. "I was pleased," said David Rockefeller, president of Chase Manhattan Bank, "that a voluntary approach was taken rather than a resort to rigid capital controls." Still, many businessmen found the program too vague, felt that it would be hard to expect voluntary restraint on investments abroad



without firmer guidelines. Michael McCarthy, chairman of Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith, suggested that the Government induce U.S. businessmen to bring more of their profits home by slashing the current 48% tax rate on such profits to the capital-gains level of 25%. Many bankers feel that the U.S. could best close its payments gap by raising domestic interest rates; such an increase would attract deposits from abroad and slow down the flow of capital from the U.S. to havens of higher interest overseas. But Johnson, an easy-money devotee who often puts domestic needs ahead of foreign considerations, believes that the nation's economy will grow faster if rates are kept low.

This week 65 top bankers and some 300 business executives will go to Washington at the President's invitation. Federal Reserve Chairman William McChesney Martin will put pressure on the bankers to cut back their foreign lending, which rose by more than \$2 billion last year, to a \$500 million increase this year. Commerce Secretary Connor will ask hundreds of key companies to set goals for cutting their foreign spending, then will review their budgets every three months. Ironically, Connor is well suited for the job: when he was president of Merck & Co., he vastly expanded its drug empire overseas.

Changing the Books. Along with its new efforts to halt the payments deficit, the U.S. is changing its views on some long-held practices and policies. In his message last week, Johnson indicated that he favors Europe's liberal system for measuring the balance of payments. Under it, dollars held by foreign citizens or private banks would not be consid-



ADVISER COOK
On the side of the Doves.

ered liabilities, as they are now, while dollars held by foreign governments and central banks would continue to be so considered. If the U.S. were to adopt that system of accounting, it would slash its payments deficit (\$3 billion last year) in half.

Johnson also spoke out more explicitly than any other U.S. President ever has in favor of altering the whole international monetary system, which places too much reliance—and strain—on the dollar and the British pound. He proposed "the development of supplementary sources of reserves." One plan, favored by Donald Cook among others, would be to create a new international money, which presumably would be

job while waiting for unions everywhere to settle.

To break the impasse, the President named Labor Secretary Willard Wirtz, Commerce Secretary John T. Connor and Oregon Senator Wayne Morse as members of a panel to recommend settlement terms within 42 hours. With that, things began to happen. The National Labor Relations Board, which normally takes weeks to ponder such moves, got federal courts in New York and Baltimore to order the strikers back to work. The union at first ignored the injunctions, but at week's end "Teddy" Gleason, perhaps noting the congressional clamor for a law to forbid another such walkout, ordered his men

\$60 million a day and imports off by \$40 million, every day of the strike wiped out \$20 million of the U.S. foreign-trade surplus.

As is usual in dock strikes, the biggest losses at home were caused by interruption of commodity shipments. Sugar refineries in New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore laid off 1,700 employees after they ran out of raw sugar. Pepsi-Cola closed its Long Island City bottling plant. Grain exporters estimated that they lost \$250 million of January shipments. Cargill Inc., the nation's largest grain exporter, closed elevators in four states, and two soybean plants shut down in Decatur, Ill.

With 23,500 railroad cars immobilized as they awaited unloading in harbors and another 25,000 backed up by an embargo at inland points, car shortages showed up as far inland as Wisconsin. B. Kuppenheimer & Co., a Chicago suitmaker, laid off 200 cutters and trimmed its production 35% for lack of imported fabrics. Textile and shipping employees in Houston and Boston had to go on unwelcome winter vacations. In Miami, a shortage of Scotch threatened vacationers while 200,000 cases lay in six ships in the port.

Coffee Loss. The strike's impact was also felt abroad. Puerto Rico suffered a \$150 million trade loss, and Colombia and Brazil lost coffee exports. Reduced shipments of food to India complicated that country's battle with starvation. Volkswagen dealers began to run out of stock in Chicago, Philadelphia and Atlanta, and Volvo's sales to dealers fell 44% in January.

Effects of the strike will linger for weeks. When the I.L.A. struck for 34 days two years ago, it took a month to clear up the log jam of freight in New York. This time, said port officials, the pile-up is so much bigger—dozens of ships, unable to find berth space, have been anchored in the harbor—that eight weeks may be required to clear it away.

INDUSTRY

Taping Untapped Markets

Few Americans have ever seen one, but the videotape recorder is playing a steadily bigger part in their lives. It is a device that records and stores images and sounds on magnetic tape and plays them back immediately—or hours or years later. About a third of the shows on TV are so recorded. American Airlines and Pan American use videotape for their in-flight entertainment. The New York Telephone Co. helps train its salesmen by videotaping them during practice sessions and showing them playback of their mistakes. Yonkers Raceway uses the videotape to judge photo finishes. Many schools have begun to use videotape for classroom teaching, and several manufacturers use recordings of complex industrial processes to track down production problems.

Simplified Recorder. Although videotape recorders were first marketed in 1957, their high prices—ranging from



STRIKE-IDLED SHIPS IN NEW YORK HARBOR
In five weeks, a \$2.2 billion loss.

backed by many of the world's strong currencies. But the President is well aware that the U.S. cannot bargain strongly for a broader and more equitable monetary system until it cleans up its own payments difficulties. If persuasion fails to do that job, Lyndon Johnson will no doubt find it necessary to resort to firmer controls.

LABOR

How to Damage the Economy

Lyndon Johnson does not often get publicly angry at labor, but he was coldly furious last week. Object of his wrath: the striking longshoremen, who had rebuffed two presidential pleas to return to work, were in the fifth week of a senseless strike that halted the nation's waterborne commerce from Maine to Texas. Not only was continuation of the strike "totally unjustified," said the President, but "the injury to the economy has reached staggering proportions."

The senselessness of the strike lay in the fact that most of the locals of the International Longshoremen's Association, beginning with the pace-setting New York local, had accepted new four-year contracts in recent weeks. But negotiations dragged on in Galveston and Miami—and I.L.A. President Thomas W. Gleason kept all his men off the

back to their jobs everywhere except in Texas and South Atlantic ports.

Meanwhile, at the request of the new presidential panel, the Air Force flew plane loads of the union-management negotiators from Texas and Florida to Washington. The panel sat up until just before dawn to hear their views, then gave both sides one hour to take or leave its proposals: a return to work, followed by mediation and arbitration for the West Gulf; 16-man minimum gangs and two hours' pay when weather prevents work for the South Atlantic. The President endorsed the terms and the employers accepted them, but the union turned them down. Negotiations will resume this week.

Shortage of Scotch. With more losses to come, the strike has already dealt the U.S. economy a \$2.2 billion blow—\$67 million for each day of the strike. Commerce Secretary Connor estimated that 191,000 workers were idled by the strike: not only the 60,000 striking longshoremen, but 38,000 seamen and other maritime workers, 45,000 railroadmen, 48,000 truckers. With 855 ships tied up, U.S. ocean shippers were deprived of 161 million tons of freight. The nation's strangled lines of trade also cost highway carriers 9,000,000 tons of business, railways 7,000,000 tons, and inland waterways 500,000. With exports off by

[illegible]

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\$10,000 to \$100,000—long limited their sales. But prices are starting to come down, and sales are going up. Manufacturers of videotape recorders reached \$40 million in sales last year; the industry now stands on the verge of a vast expansion. Sales are expected to rise to \$200 million within five years, and several new companies are entering the field. Last week California's Ampex Corp., which pioneered videotape recordings and still controls about two-thirds of the market, introduced a new simplified recorder that will sell for \$3,950, less than half the cost of other models now available.

The greatest market potential for videotape recorders—the U.S. home—is still untapped. Inexpensive portable video outfalls could take much of the fuss out of making home movies. Unlike film, videotape does not have to be sent out for developing or threaded into a projector, can be erased and used repeatedly without deterioration. It can be played back immediately from the videotape recorder onto the nearest TV screen. Videotape recorders can be adjusted to turn on TV sets and record favorite programs while people are away from home, enabling them to play back the programs later. Eventually, videotaped news and sports events, plays and educational shows could be sold or rented for replay on home TV sets.

Such possibilities are spurring the trend to simpler and less expensive recorders. Fairchild Camera & Instrument Corp. is developing a home videotape recorder that it hopes to market for \$500. Sony, which already sells expensive recorders to TV stations and airlines, plans to introduce a set in the U.S. this spring that will sell for about \$1,000. Both Ampex and RCA are working on home recorders of their own.

Complex Experiment. The new Ampex model, while still too expensive for most families, should bring videotape recorders within the price range of most of the nation's 30,000 school districts, the second highest potential market. In the classroom, teachers can use videotape to record important telecasts—such as Churchill's funeral or a papal coronation—and then play them back during school hours on classroom TV screens. With auxiliary cameras, some schools are already taping complex laboratory experiments, demonstrations and lectures by talented teachers, then showing them over and over again in the classroom.

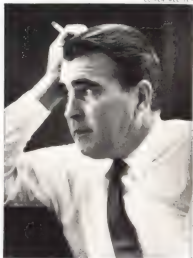
AVIATION

New Course for Braniff

Dallas-based Braniff Airways never went in much for the frills with which most large U.S. airlines woo the customers. The nation's ninth largest line often gives indifferent service, has been slow to buy new planes, has resisted innovations. Braniff, for example, is a leader in the fight against in-flight en-

tertainment. Last week the line decided to change its course. Invading the Los Angeles executive suite of rival Continental Airlines, it picked a new boss who has won a reputation as one of the industry's brightest young men, Braniff's new president: Harding Luther Lawrence, 44, Continental's executive vice president, who will succeed retiring President Charles E. Beard, 64.

Youngest V.P. Braniff's board chairman, Dallas financier Troy Post, had planned his raid well. Even before his Greatamerica Corp. bought control of Braniff last summer and installed him as chairman, he had carefully compared Braniff's record with those of five other



HARDING LAWRENCE
Home to Pioneer country.

airlines of comparable size. His finding: Continental had grown faster than all the others—a remarkable 545% in the last ten years. Further study led him directly to Lawrence, who is largely responsible for Continental's record of quality service, imaginative promotion, low costs, on-time performance and efficient use of jets.

Born in Oklahoma and educated in Texas, Lawrence was a Link Trainer instructor during World War II, started a Texas feeder airline with two partners after the war. He flew while studying for a law degree, later took over the sales department of the small line, which changed its name from Essair to Pioneer. Continental got Lawrence in 1955 when it absorbed Pioneer, quickly recognizing that he was the most valuable asset acquired in the deal. By 1958, Continental President Robert Six had promoted Lawrence to executive vice president—the industry's youngest—in charge of the airline's day-to-day operations.

Happy to be Back. A husky six-footer with a Texas drawl, Lawrence travels 25% of the time, works six ten-hour days a week at Continental, personally checks every day by interoffice phone on each of the airline's ten divisions. He will be happy to get back to

Texas. He and his wife Jimmie met at a Texas sweet potato festival where she was a princess, have three Texas-born children, including an eleven-year-old boy whose name is State Rights.

"My objective," says Lawrence, "is to make Braniff emerge as the most efficient jet operator in the world." Though only ten of its 52 planes are jets, Braniff expects to take delivery this year of 14 British-made BAC-111 medium-range jets, has options to buy a dozen more. The airline, whose routes range as far north as Minneapolis and as far south as Buenos Aires, has also applied for the Dallas-Miami run and for flights between the Pacific Southwest and Northwest. And Harding Lawrence's selection gave new life to rumors that Braniff and Continental will eventually merge, to form the nation's sixth largest airline.

AUTOS

Safety, Front & Back

Growing pressure from the Government and an increasing number of state laws have made the safety belt as common on the highway as in the air. Last year 18 million auto seat belts were in use in the U.S., compared with only 8,000,000 in 1962. Detroit's 1964 autos were the first to include safety belts as standard equipment in the front seats of all new models. Last week Ford, Chrysler and American Motors decided to go all the way and give back-seat drivers the same buckled-in protection. The three firms announced that lap belts will be installed in both the front and rear seats of all their 1966 models, and General Motors is expected to follow the lead.

Detroit's decision could double the already fast-growing business of some 40 companies that make seat belts: in two years their annual sales rose 43% to \$90 million. Many of the smaller companies have already been nudged aside by the industry's three major producers: American Safety Equipment Co., Auto-Cut Manufacturing Co., and Irving Air Chute Co. From its sales to American Motors, Chrysler and Volkswagen, as well as its business of keeping men's pants up with Hickok belts, American Safety last year increased its business 100% to \$13 million.

The automakers will pass on the added cost—about \$22 for both front and back seats—to the consumer. For the future, their engineers are developing a number of new safety features. As an experiment, Ford has installed on some of its 1965 models shatterproof windshields capable of withstanding objects traveling up to 24 m.p.h., v. 13 m.p.h. for standard auto glass. G.M. now installs on request a device that automatically limits speed to a desired level. The auto companies are also working on passenger harnesses, padded dashboards and a steering wheel that collapses upon the impact of collision. Sears, Roebuck is even selling his-and-her safety helmets.



What does it take to hand-carry the American flag to the moon?

Cameras, batteries, chargers, a life support system, fuel cells, instrumentation, electronic test systems, communications, computers, decoders, navigation, guidance, tracking beacons, antennas, heat shields, parachutes, radar, rocket engines, propellants, the Manned Spacecraft Center, a launching platform, nuclear gauges, fuel tanks, sensors, the Edwards High Thrust Test Area, launch vehicles, electrical lines, a launch escape system, adapters, an optical communications system, Cape Kennedy, oxidizer tanks, pressurization systems, multicolored nylon, instant food, container packets, tooling, ground support, structures, handling and transport equipment, the George C. Marshall Space Flight Center, a blockhouse, administration, columbia, metal, warehouses, security, an electronic metronome, the White Sands Missile Range, expulsion tanks, pitch controls, engines, a Lunar Excursion Module, recovery equipment, power conversion units, the Michoud Operations Plant, environmental control, valves, oxygen, diodes, water, plastics, forgings, deceleration rockets, mission simulators, engineering drawings, the Atlantic Missile Range, a test tunnel, crew couches, the Santa Susana Field Laboratory, liquid gauging equipment, honeycomb composite material, aluminum alloy, hydraulic servo actuators, design reviews, the Mississippi Test Facility, cryostats, wash racks, ventilation fans, research, structural ribs, metal foil, transportation, test chambers, hydrogen, carbon steel, cement, turbofans, the Nevada Field Laboratory, injectors, gas generators, stainless steel, O-rings, high pressure ducting, a steam generator, glands, microelectronics, flight suits, scientific seminars, fins, anti-slosh baffles, fairings, destruct packages, clamps, plumbing, stringers, corrugated skins, steam diffusers, a shaker table, blast shields, wind tunnels, gyros, telemetry, flight plans.

**and three Astronauts
seven-and-a-half-million pounds of thrust
192,313,000 Americans
and the Apollo spacecraft built for NASA
by North American Aviation**



Atomics International, Autonetics, Columbus, Los Angeles, Rocketdyne, Science Center, Space & Information Systems

WORLD BUSINESS

FRANCE

The Golden Fleece

General de Gaulle continued his assault on the dollar. Since no nation rushed to embrace De Gaulle's earlier proposals that the world return to the gold standard, French Finance Minister Valéry Giscard d'Estaing last week announced that France would go back to gold all by itself. Beginning immediately, said Giscard, France will settle all its foreign deficits by paying in gold—a fairly painless move in view of the fact that France has no deficits. More ominously for the U.S. and Britain, he called on the West's major nations to make "a solemn and unequivocal declaration" that from now on they too would settle their deficits in gold instead of in dollars or pounds—an open invitation to everyone to trade in dollars and pounds for gold.

Shaky Grasp. U.S. Treasury officials are convinced that Giscard, 39, an erudite and ambitious money expert who rose through the bureaucracy to become France's youngest finance minister in this century, has little to say nowadays about French financial policy. As they see it, that policy is increasingly framed by De Gaulle, who views economics as a handy weapon but has a grasp of its intricacies that is roughly equal to Giscard's knowledge of military strategy. De Gaulle has come increasingly under the influence of Jacques Rueff, a gold standard devotee and a close economic adviser. This fact has prompted some Paris economists to refer sarcastically to the present as the Golden Age of French diplomacy.

If the De Gaulle-Giscard proposal was unusual, so was the way in which it was presented—as a lecture on monetary policy at the University of Paris Law School. Under usual circumstances, the occasion would not have attracted much more than academic interest. But the huge and starkly modern university auditorium was packed with 3,000 students and a detachment of journalists, who filled every seat, sprawled in the aisles and stood pressed tightly together in the rear. They exchanged loud jokes with Lecturer Giscard. When he mentioned Rueff, they blended hoos with applause. They cheered enthusiastically when he spoke in passing of Yale's Robert Triffin, a leading exponent of building on the current monetary system of gold, dollars and pounds.

New Urgency. Giscard d'Estaing's proposal is unlikely to win much support for France. The major nations hold substantial reserves in dollars and pounds, and any weakening of those currencies would hurt them too. De Gaulle's scheme has at least lent urgency to the debate over the world monetary system. Britain is keen to revise that system, and last week London John-



GISCARD D'ESTAING
An invitation to others.

son pointed out that the U.S. is exploring means of broadening the base for international finance (see U.S. BUSINESS). The majority of financial policymakers believe that new monetary reserves must be created, but the problem is what kind of reserves. The French want a system—perhaps any system in the long run—that would make dollars less worthy than gold. That would give gold-heavy France, whose economy is one-eighth as large as the U.S.'s, a financial stature well beyond its visible means.

BRITAIN

More Pressure on the Pound

In the midst of one of Britain's cruellest winters, the Board of Trade last week issued some sorry news: the foreign trade gap worsened in January. The report was doubly disappointing because Britain had expected to improve upon the strong performance that it recorded in December, when exports hit an all-time monthly peak and the trade gap narrowed to \$224 million. But January's exports plunged and imports were scarcely reduced by the Labor government's 15% surcharge on most foreign purchases. The gap grew to \$272 million.

Coming just when France's thrusts had made money markets nervous, the poor figures sent the pound into a tumble. It dropped $\frac{3}{16}$ of 1¢ to \$2.79 $\frac{1}{2}$, the lowest this month, and the Bank of England had to defend it by buying sterling on the open market. The situation was complicated by the Labor government's declaration that it will establish a board with the power to review and make recommendations on almost all prices, wages and labor agreements.

Britain faces several other imminent problems. Next week it will meet with its European Free Trade Association

partners at EFTA's conference of ministers in Geneva; the partners have been complaining loudly against the 15% surcharge, may issue an ultimatum that Britain either drop it or get out of EFTA. Though British financial leaders had been hoping for a 5% trim in the surcharge this month, they are now talking about a 21% reduction to take effect in April.

In May Britain will have to begin paying off the \$3 billion emergency credit that it raised last November from the U.S. and other major countries to save the pound then. The credit was due to expire this month, but Britain, having already used up about \$1 billion of it, last week won an extension. To meet its obligation to repay, London is negotiating with the International Monetary Fund for a long-term loan.

Buying the Beatles

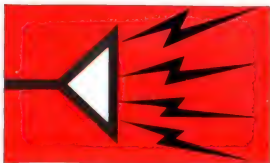
The Beatles are not only an institution but a business—and their profits are strictly fabmoss. This week they joined the rank of the financial mighty when one of their firms was listed on the London Stock Exchange. The corporation: Northern Songs Ltd., sole publisher of the songs of Beatles John Lennon and Paul McCartney. Northern Songs offered 1,250,000 shares at an initial price of \$1.08 each, and the scramble to pick them up was likely to reach Constat proportions.

Northern Song gets no share of the millions that pour in from Beatle concerts and records, but the copyrights to the 56 Lennon-McCartney songs yield it about \$1,400,000 a year in royalties. "McCartney and Lennon," boasts Dick James, the company president, "are going to be the Rodgers and Hammerstein of the future." Security analysts who want to chart the stock had better put away their tables and keep a close watch on the youngsters' Beatlemania.

A Smokeless Screen

The British government has always kept the TV commercial at arm's length, as if it were a particularly odorous fish. The state-owned British Broadcasting Corp. will have nothing to do with it at all. On Britain's single commercial TV network, the government allows no sponsored programs, confines commercials generally to short intervals between programs and carefully regulates their length and tone. Last week the Labor government took regulation a step farther. As part of the government's vigorous antismoking campaign it ordered a strict ban on all cigarette advertising on the telly, which cigarette companies had already voluntarily restricted to after 9 in the evening.

The ban, though expected for some time, caused an uproar. The London Daily Express called it "an outrageous



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SYLVANIA ELECTRONIC SYSTEMS

interference with the rights we enjoy, nothing less than a sinister erosion of freedom in Britain." Many Britons simply regretted the demise of the slick cigarette commercials, many of which draw more rave notices than the regular programs. The sell is soft and jingles are out, but the British are attracted by the scenes of mountain streams, horse country and fast sports cars.

The government will have no difficulty in making the ban stick. It owns all the country's TV transmitting stations, rents facilities and program time to 14 privately owned producing companies, which make their money by selling advertising. The ban will cost them one of their best customers. Cigarette advertising now accounts for about \$15 million of the commercial network's annual income of \$224 million.

The TV ban is not expected to hurt cigarette sales, but only to force the companies to shift their ads for some 100 brands to newspapers and magazines. The Daily Mirror's columnist Cassandra reassured smokers: "You'll still have the precious right to smoke yourself to death with a wonderful selection of brands at your suicidal disposal." But the restriction may not end with TV, if Labor has its way. Said Health Minister Kenneth Robinson: "The question of cigarette advertising in other media is still under consideration."

HONG KONG

Another Kind of Crisis

Hong Kong's British garrison was put on the alert last week, and police leaves were canceled. Governor Sir David Trench appealed for calm over radio and TV. The stock market dipped. The crown colony was having something of a crisis, but it had nothing to do with the escalating warfare in South Viet Nam. It was caused instead by a

run on a handful of Hong Kong's Chinese-owned banks.

The Chinese, who comprise 98% of Hong Kong's population, have traditionally distrusted banks, preferring to keep their savings in the form of jewels in a safe or gold under a mattress or in their teeth. Such suspicion has waned considerably, however, as Hong Kong has become mainland Asia's leading trade and banking center, with a long-stable currency that is fully backed by Britain. Last year the colony's 80 banks hit a record \$1 billion in deposits.

This confidence was shaken when the Chinese New Year, always a time of free spending, produced heavier than usual calls for cash. Unable to meet the unexpected demand, two small banks, Ming Tak and Canton Trust & Commercial, closed their doors in the face of clamoring depositors. As news of the closings spread, panicked shop and office workers abandoned their jobs to queue up in lines as long as 500 yards outside a dozen more banks. Thousands slept on sidewalks overnight to keep their places in line.

Curiously, none of the colony's Red Chinese-owned banks was affected, a fact that led to rumors that Peking agents had done their bit to help the panic along. On the air, the Governor pointed out that the problem was not financial weakness but only a shortage of Hong Kong's local paper currency. To stem the run, the government ordered 5,000,000 British £1 notes flown from the Bank of England by chartered jet, imposed a temporary \$17.50-a-day limit on cash withdrawals. With another £35 million in bank notes scheduled to be flown from London soon, the run subsided by week's end. To dramatize its solvency and calm its customers, one Chinese bank used psychology: it piled a hoard of gold bars on the counter for all to see.

WEST GERMANY

In the Footsteps of Farben

When mighty I. G. Farben was broken up by the Allies after World War II, the smallest and least known of the three major offshoots was a company called Badische Anilin und Soda Fabrik. Like the two others, Bayer and Hoechst, B.A.S.F. proved to be a true heir to the vaulted Farben inventiveness and enterprise. It quickly rebuilt its bombed-out plants along the Rhine at Ludwigshafen, then spread out over 1,580 acres to develop Europe's largest single chemical complex. Now Europe's leading producer of raw materials for plastics and synthetic fibers, B.A.S.F. increased its sales by 18% to \$940 million in 1964, a performance that makes it one of the world's fastest growing chemical companies.

Room to Grow. B.A.S.F. has already outgrown Ludwigshafen, and its reach now extends far beyond the Rhine; 45% of sales, in fact, come from exports and foreign production. To expand foreign operations even more, B.A.S.F. has joined with Shell to build a fertilizer plant in Utrecht and an ammonia plant near Rotterdam, plans a \$17.5 million polyethylene plant near Marseille. Last year it bought land in Antwerp for a \$50 million factory that will produce fertilizer and synthetic fibers, and moved into Mexico by acquiring a local chemical firm. In the U.S., the company's biggest foreign customer, B.A.S.F. is a joint owner (with Dow Chemical) of a plant in Texas, last year bought plants in Massachusetts and New Jersey. "When Americans graze in our pastures," says President Carl Wurster, "why shouldn't we also graze in theirs?"

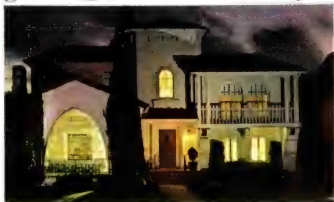
B.A.S.F. started a century ago as a manufacturer of dyestuffs, went on to develop revolutionary new processes for making sulphuric acid and liquefying chlorine; 85% of the world's nitrogen is made by a process that came out of B.A.S.F. laboratories. In the 1930s, after it had been absorbed by I. G. Farben, the company produced many new plastics and the first magnetic recording tape. To this day, magnetic tape is its only consumer product; everything else is sold as a raw material or for industrial use.

Happy Problem. A research chemist with an accountant's nose for profits, President Wurster, 64, rose to the top of B.A.S.F. before the war and stayed on as president when the company was split off from Farben. He still finds time to lecture in chemistry at Heidelberg, read the classics in Latin and Greek. Happily, his biggest problem now is that orders are coming in faster than the company can fill them. To meet the mounting backlog, B.A.S.F. has allocated \$500 million for expansion at home and abroad over four years. This year it will spend \$200 million on plant and equipment—more than any other German chemical company.



BANK DEPOSITORS WAITING TO WITHDRAW FUNDS
Many think money is safer in mattresses or teeth.

Tonight in San Mateo, California



they're serving Hiram Walker Cordials



It's turning dusk. There's a light fog on the mountains. The wind is starting to die down.

An evening to sit and relax with friends. To watch the lights go on across the bay. To enjoy the hospitality of Hiram Walker Cordials.

Perhaps Sloe Gin Fizzes before dinner. [With ice, shake juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon, $\frac{1}{2}$ tbs. sugar, $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. Hiram Walker Sloe Gin. Strain into glass over ice cubes. Fizz to top with soda.]



After dinner, the friendliness of cordials. Green Creme de Menthe or Brown Creme de Cacao on the rocks. Or Dry Stingers ($\frac{3}{4}$ oz. Hiram Walker Peppermint Schnapps, $1\frac{1}{4}$ oz. Hiram Walker Brandy. Shake with ice. Strain into 3-oz. cocktail glass.)

The moon has come up. There's no hurry. A pleasant time to be in pleasant company with Hiram Walker Cordials.

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CINEMA

Antonioni in Color

Red Desert is at once the most beautiful, the most simple and the most daring film yet made by Italy's masterful Michelangelo Antonioni, a director so prodigiously gifted that he can marshal a whole new vocabulary of cinema to reiterate his now-familiar themes. The new element of Antonioni's art is color. In *Red Desert* he shows a painterly approach to each frame; indeed he had whole fields and streets sprayed with pigment to produce precise shades of mood and meaning. Never has so bleak a vision of contemporary life been projected with more intensity, from craven yellow and life-brimming green to violent, passionate crimson and the grey of total despair.

In a remarkable opening sequence, the film states its entire problem and much of its plot in one awesome metaphor: a young woman in green (Monica Vitti) stands staring desolately across acres of black sludge. Obviously in a state of shock, she has recently attempted suicide following a minor auto accident. But there is no comfort to be had, for here within walking distance of Dante's tomb sprawls a 20th century Inferno. Above her, towering smokestacks throw flame into the sky, while the pipelines of industrial Ravenna belch steam onto the wasted earth.

The woman has come with her child to meet her husband at the refinery where he works. He introduces her to a mining engineer (Richard Harris) who has stopped off en route to South America. Mutually attracted, the wife and the engineer begin to meet for talks now and then, and finally he makes love to her, though neither of them seems to enjoy it very much. Then he goes away,

and she is right back where she started. Or nearly.

Story is seldom Antonioni's first concern, and in *Red Desert* he seems keener to offer Actress Vitti's jumpy, hypertense performance as an almost clinical study of neurosis. She is inspiringly alienated, for that sturdy cliché dissolves into a rich flow of images that astonish the eye. At one moment, a street scene goes entirely grey—including a vendor, his cart, fruit and all. When Vitti awakes in panic at night to find a toy robot clacking around her glacially modern home as though it had a will of its own, the very walls become terrifying abstractions. And her fear of separateness is made subtly palpable on the quay where a mist isolates her from husband, lover and friends.

The film's most striking symbols are the ever-present ships—monsters that plow along polluted waterways and shrink everything to insignificance: men, trees, even a listless orgy in a fisherman's hut. Color dominates another scene in which Harris withdraws moment by moment from a meeting with his men, motivated by associations with a touch of blue paint on the wall.

Fascinated by his vivid experiment with style, Antonioni does not venture far in subject from the ideas he has already expressed eloquently—and at immoderate length—in *L'Avventura*, *La Notte* and *Eclipse*. His is a world alive with the muffled cries of human beings struggling to live without resenting it, and to communicate with other survivors in prosperous, increasingly complex societies that fill the stomach but starve the spirit. Paradoxically, *Red Desert* fails as drama because Antonioni, with scrupulous care, makes places and things so much more interesting than his people that an audience cannot always tell the Christians from the lions. The film nonetheless fails magnificently, with a kaleidoscopic splash sure to alter the complexion of art cinema, and in some measure to redefine it.

Coming Up Roses

Sylvia is a puzzle to her husband-to-be, Peter Lawford. She lives in a luxury neighborhood, grows prize roses, displays carefree décolletage, has no visible means of support except for a slim volume of her published poems entitled *Moon Without Light*. After scanning the verse (*Oh preacher, I got these awful blues and a bellyful of sin*), Lawford hires Private Eye George Maharis to find out: Who is Sylvia?

She turns out to be Carroll Baker, who dolls up many a flashback as Maharis treks across country jogging the memories of Viveca Lindfors, Edmond O'Brien, Ann Sothern and others. He learns that Sylvia was raped in Pittsburgh in her teens, drifted into prostitution in Mexico, developed a taste for book learning, and graduated to \$100-



BAKER IN "SYLVIA"

A prostitute with a mind of gold.

a-night status as a Manhattan call girl employed by a transvestite panderver named Lola. Then a sadistic lover's \$10,000 payoff permitted her "to acquire travel, Europe and culture." Finally face to face with his quarry, Maharis discovers that loose morals don't matter much, really, when a girl is endowed with a generous spirit and a love of literature.

Given drivel which follows the plot of *Laura* right up to the outskirts of Fanny Hill, Director Gordon Douglas (*Rio Conchos*) makes surprisingly lively entertainment of it. Spirited performers also lend *Sylvia* a sorely needed touch of class, and Actress Baker schlumps through the role at a wry deadpan pace, obviously enjoying her buildup as Hollywood's sex queen pro tem.

Bum Dharma

The *Guide* is based on a small, sensitive novel by Indian Author R. K. Narayan. In this gross adaptation, filmed in India, Writer Pearl S. Buck and U.S. Director Tad Danielewski leap to their tasks like Yankee traders setting up a souvenir stand in front of the Taj Mahal. What they are peddling are ersatz views of modern India.

Indian Matinee Idol Dev Anand plays a guide ensnared by a wealthy client's wife, Rosie (Waheeda Rehman), who is an accomplished snake dancer. He becomes Rosie's manager, and after her debut at a local high school, fame and fortune are theirs. The guide then turns to gambling and debauchery, goes to jail for forgery, ultimately wins redemption when some gullible provincials mistake him for a holy man. Later, the false sadhu fasts and dies a hero after telling a TV interviewer that life has been mostly Rosie.

Two versions of *The Guide* exist, one in English with breathless transgressions intact, another in Hindi with all love play omitted to conform to India's strict censorship laws. Such scruples seem wasted on a movie that displays few virtues in any language.

VITTI IN "DESERT"

A girl from a new Inferno.

BOOKS

Lewisiana

MERIWETHER LEWIS by Richard Dillon. 364 pages. Coward-McCann. \$6.95.

It began with the biggest real-estate deal in history. On April 30, 1803, Napoleon Bonaparte sold Thomas Jefferson a parcel of land called Louisiana. It ran from the Mississippi to the Rockies, from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, and it was quite a bargain: 827,987 sq. mi. for \$15 million. But what the U.S. owned it did not occupy. Already British traders were pressing south from Canada and Spanish raiders were roaming north from Mexico. Jefferson realized that

make accurate maps and note favorable sites for settlement, 5) catalogue the animal, vegetable, mineral and human resources, and 6) do the whole job for \$2,500.

Impossible? Certainly. When Lewis and his men reeled back into St. Louis some 28 months later, they had spent all of \$48,822.25. But in every essential respect they had accomplished their historic mission—and something more. They had astonished the age with their sagacity and fortitude; they had enacted for all posterity the great American epic of exploration.

In this ambitious, absorbing biography, the odyssey is redacted with fidelity and vigor. As Author Dillon develops the narrative, Lewis evolves into a brilliant, noble and magnificently effective neurotic, one of the most admirable and tragic figures of the American past.

Instant Inventions. Lewis proved his prowess even in his preparations for the

our men" that they invaded the camp to "persist in their civilities."

In late November 1804, the Corps completed a U-shaped log cabin about 60 ft. square, named it Fort Mandan and prepared to winter in North Dakota. Whisky froze at 38 below and game was scarce. But the expedition's half-breed scout could find animals where they weren't: meat was almost always on the table, and for the first time a woman was regularly in the camp: Sacajawea, the diligent, intelligent and virtuous squaw of a French Canadian interpreter.

Boils & Deadfalls. On April 7, 1805, the voyage resumed. The river now veered west into "a country on which the foot of civilized man had never yet trodden." In Montana the hills heaved up and game became so abundant that Lewis imagined himself in the Happy Hunting Ground: buffalo, beaver, wolves, and more grizzlies than a man cared to think about. On July 4 the Corps drank the last of its whisky. Two weeks later Lewis and his men rowed



CAPTAIN LEWIS

The whisky froze, but O, joy!

he would have to move fast if America was to retain its new territory. He moved fast.

The President went looking for a man who could handle the situation, and he found the man at his elbow, Captain Meriwether Lewis, Jefferson's lifelong friend and private secretary, was a Virginian who at 29 combined impressive military and diplomatic experience with a lively intellect, immense stamina and wide knowledge of the frontier. Go west, young man, said Jefferson—and westward Lewis went.

Impossible Mission. Leaving the vicinity of St. Louis on May 14, 1804, the explorer's Corps of Discovery struck north along the Missouri. There were 45 untested men in Lewis' party and appalling instructions in his pouch: 1) explore the northern half of the new territory, 2) find a navigable northwest passage to the Pacific, 3) establish U.S. sovereignty over the Indian tribes, 4)

expedition. For his second-in-command he picked his friend Lieut. William Clark, 33, a fellow Virginian and a born leader; with characteristic generosity, Lewis made Clark joint leader of the expedition. To meet the special requirements of the journey, Lewis invented a collapsible canoe, a powdered soup and a sturdy lightweight rifle that was promptly adopted by the army for all infantrymen. The expedition's armament was so awesome that during the entire trip no Indian nation dared risk battle with Lewis' main force.

The Missouri was not so easily intimidated. Against the main current, oars and poles were useless, and along the collapsing sides of the stream the explorers passed at peril of their lives. At night the exhausted oarsmen camped at river's edge, wolfed bear meat and venison washed down with half a pint of whisky apiece. In what is now South Dakota, death stalked the expedition. For three days and nights, while ferocious Sioux lined the banks of the river and waited for a chance to strike, Lewis and Clark could not risk so much as a catnap. But the Arikara proved friendly—too friendly. Their "squaws" were pretty and so "fond of caressing

in awe through the majestic gorges of the Missouri. Then came the Bitterroot Mountains, a nightmare of deadfalls, gorges, heavier dams, saddle wasps, dysentery, boils and near-starvation. On Nov. 8, with profound relief, Clark scribbled hysterically in the logbook: "Ocean in view. O, the joy!"

Outwardly, little happened to the Corps of Discovery during its second winter on the trail, which was spent in another U-shaped log cabin, Fort Clatsop. Inwardly, something ominous happened to its commander—the first signs of emotional instability began to appear. On April 21, on the first leg of the return trip, Lewis slugged a thieving Indian. Among the amicable Nez Percés he threatened an insolent brave with a tomahawk. Back across the Rockies, he shot a Piegan Blackfoot who tried to steal his rifle and his horse.

Suicide or Murder? On Sept. 23, 1806, the expedition came safely home to St. Louis. But for Lewis, civilization held dangers more insidious than any in the wilderness: fame, adulation, politics. As a reward for his services, Jefferson in 1807 installed Lewis as governor of the territory that might appropriately have been rechristened Le-





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wisiana. But the man who was at home behind a swivel gun proved ill at ease behind a desk. Lewis began to drink hard, and when he drank he sank into melancholy and delirium.

In September 1809, his affairs in confusion, the governor headed back to Washington. On the way, according to a traveling companion, he twice attempted suicide. Then one night, while Lewis was lodged in an isolated cabin on Tennessee's sinister Natchez Trace, two shots rang out. In the morning he was found dead. Suicide? Murder? Nobody knows, but Author Dillon thinks it was murder. When Lewis stopped for the night, he was carrying more than \$100; in the morning his pockets contained 25c. He was buried in the woods, and his grave was all but forgotten. To his family he left an estate of \$9,431. To his country he left more than legend. He showed the way West.

A Solitary Sensibility

THE WHITSUN WEDDINGS by Philip Larkin. 46 pages. Random House: \$4.

Eliot lies in ashes. Auden flogs his muse infrequently in exile. England, for so many centuries "a nest of singing birds," finds herself today unwontedly in want of a great poet she can call her own. Yet in a quiet nook of Yorkshire, a strange bird occasionally lifts his voice to cantillate the fierce interior music of a tortured and solitary sensibility:

*Truly, though our element is time,
We are not suited to the long
perspectives*

*Open at each instant of our lives,
They link us to our losses; worse,
They show us what we have as it once
was.*

*Blindly undiminished, just as
though*

*By acting differently we could have
kept it so*

Philip Larkin is speaking, and intellectual England turns to listen. For if Larkin is not a great poet, he is nevertheless the only British poet who still seems able to compose great poems. He is the Marvell of the age, and his finest verses speak from the heart to the heart in precise but passionate language that can capture a lifetime in a line, an era in an epithet.

Iron Cage. They speak, unhappily, too seldom. Poet Larkin writes his lines at a rate that might embarrass an arthritic tree sloth—four short poems a year, and he usually throws one of them away. In his entire career he has published (aside from two youthful novels) only three books of verse, containing fewer than 100 poems. *The Less Deceived*, published in 1955, was the blazing eruption of a young volcano, the work of a brilliant man discovering in disorder what he could do. *The Whitsun Weddings* is a prepared descent into the simmering crater of middle age, the work of a mature man discovering systematically who he is.

To judge by his day-to-day life, Lar-



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kin is a contemporary Dr. Dryasdust. Since winning a first in English at Oxford, he has passed his entire adult life tending libraries: he is now head librarian at the University of Hull. At 42, Bachelor Larkin looks the part, and likes to look it: "Nothing embarrasses me more than to be typed as a poet. My friends are very tactful. They've decided that I'm kind of the next best thing to a poet you can get in welfare-state Britain, where everything is brown and without passion."

To judge by his poetry, Larkin is anything but brown and passionless. Larkin has blood in his eye and a shout in his throat, but his emotions are caged in an iron ordinariness of language, and the cage is caged in an intricate grille of rhyme and meter. By dint of prodigious effort and still more prodigious skill, Larkin marvelously merges form and content. The bars and his imprisoned emotions disappear: in their stead a poem stands.

"**Maddened Surface.**" It is always a true poem. Larkin writes with an almost obsessive fidelity to life as it "happened to happen." He calls himself "an old-fashioned, Housman kind of poet who feels a shiver down his spine and tries to send the same shiver down someone else's spine." He dislikes the cosmetic phrase; only when the thought is brilliant does the language glitter. He despises the planned profundity; only when the feeling is deep is the poem deep. Larkin's honesty may limit his range. But because he is accurate in particular, he is valid in general: what is true about the poet usually turns out to be true about life.

One of the things Larkin feels, though somewhat timidly, is love. In *The Lev Deceived*, he addresses several shy but radiant lyrics to women he has loved:

*Shall I be let to sleep
Now this perpetual morning shares
my bed?*

*Can even death dry up
These new delighted lakes, conclude
Our kneeling as cattle by all-generous
waters?*

There are hate lyrics too. Women, in fact people in general, often seem to intimidate Larkin. They are part of "the maddened surface of things" he cannot control. He seeks refuge and significance in art, "whose individual sound insists I too am individual." Most of his best poems describe the struggle to become an individual. It begins in solitude—"Unfenced existence Facing the sun, untalkative, out of reach"—and from the struggle Larkin often recoils into regret for the average, gregarious life he missed.

Fecund Creed. Forced back on himself, Larkin acknowledges that he fears himself. His mind, he senses, rests upon "an unwholesome floor, as it might be the skin of a grave." In imagination he sinks through the skin into "the solving emptiness." That lies just under all we do. There in orphic rapture he touches a dark string in his nature,

and a rich defunctive music rises to the page:

*Watching from a bluff the tiny, clean
Sparkling armada of promises draw
near . . .*

*We think each one will heave to and
unload*

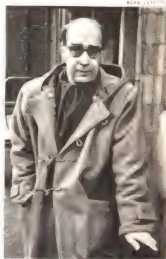
All good into our lives . . .

But we are wrong

*Only one ship is seeking us, a black-
sailed unfamiliar, towing at her back
A huge and birdless silence. In her
wake*

No waters breed or break.

In death Larkin seems to seek himself, or the meaning of himself, but instead he finds God, or something he connects with God. In *Church Going*



POET LARKIN
An infrequent Marvell.

a celebrated poem in which he describes a deserted church, the dubious synecdoche is eloquently expressed:

*A serious house on serious earth it is,
In whose blunt air all our compul-
sions meet.*

*Are recognized, and robed as dev-
tines.*

*And that much never can be ob-
solete.*

*Since someone will forever be sur-
prising*

*A hunger in himself to be more
serious.*

*And gravitating with it to this
ground.*

*Which, he once heard, was proper
to grow wise in.*

If only that so many dead lie round.

This, in a stanza, is the only religion explicitly confessed by the poet in his maturity. His art and his life, however, implicitly proclaim a more fecund creed: a minimal but immovable faith in what he is and in whatever made him what he is. In the title poem of this volume, which traces a spiritual journey in the course of a train ride to London, Larkin seems at last to make contact with the self he seeks, or rather with some larger self in which

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all the selves on the train find union and communion. Suddenly a surge of love and hope, unprecedented in Larkin's poetry, lifts in the lines:

*There we were aimed. And as we
raced across*

*Bright knots of rail
Past standing Pullmans, walls of
blackened moss*

*Came close, and it was nearly done,
this frail*

*Travelling coincidence; and what it
held*

*Stood ready to be loosed with all the
power*

*That being changed can give. We
slowed again,*

*And as the tightening brakes took
hold, there swelled*

*A sense of falling, like an arrow-
shower*

*Sent out of sight, somewhere be-
coming rain.*

European Nationhood, Slowly

DECLINE AND RISE OF EUROPE by
John Lukacs. 295 pages. Doubleday.
\$4.95.

In a sequel to his *History of the Cold War*, Hungarian-born Historian John Lukacs, 41, poses a paradox worth pondering by the advocates of European unity. A good European, argues Lukacs, must first be a good nationalist; before he can become meaningfully committed to an integrated Europe, he must be emotionally committed to a single European nation. Lukacs shares De Gaulle's suspicion of a federated Europe, advocating instead the Gaullist vision of a loosely linked *Europe des patries*. Far from urging a return to truculent nationalisms, Lukacs hopefully champions the more temperate patriotism of the Briton, the slowly developed reverence for history and tradition on which any greater society must be constructed.

See Gene Run

NINA'S BOOK by Eugene Burdick. 398 pages. Houghton Mifflin. \$5.95.

Use short sentences. Keep them punchy. Run. Gene, run. Lots of sex talk, so they'll know it's not for kids. Use short, strong words, like "orgasm." Invent implausible characters. Lots of talk about food. Bond made that basic basic. Get in about the war. Invent a French girl, call her Nina. Give her attacks of compulsive eating, because she was in a concentration camp during the war. And give Nina attacks of compulsive sex. Explain how it was, not to be able to avoid doing it with the guards. The innocence-fused-with-evil bit. Make her a sex witch, every man's dream of coy seductiveness. Men fight over her. Fighting's another basic basic. So how do we rescue Nina from her compulsions? Well, there's this dream man, a rich American, and it all comes out O.K. because his wife is frigid anyway, and Nina . . . Short sentences, Gene.

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